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The Week

DEBATE over American foreign policy has suddenly reappeared on the front pages of the newspapers, until a hasty reader might almost think he was seeing 1920 again. At the Paris Conference which decided our share in the hypothetical German payments under the Dawes plan, it is alleged that the American delegation sought a reservation declaring we assumed no responsibility for the execution of that plan. The other governments insisted such a reservation would violate the general terms under which the conference had been proceeding, and the Americans thereupon signed without it. Partly because of this incident and partly because of the general spirit of the negotiations, the cry is being raised on both sides of the Atlantic that the United States is once more officially participating in European affairs. Paris and London exultingly acclaim this as an accomplished fact; our own White House and State Department deny there is any truth in the interpretation, and the Senate irreconcilables, headed by Johnson of California, are off on the warpath again. Johnson has introduced a resolution demanding the text of the agreement. There is talk of requiring Senate ratification if that is legally possible, as it probably isn't. Renewed demands are being made that France undertake payment of her debt. Opponents of our participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice seize the opportunity to complain of propaganda, with which they say they are being flooded, to force Senate action on the subject. Secretary Hughes must chuckle to himself as he reads the headlines these days and contemplates the row in which his successor will soon be embroiled.

THE Senate will, we hope, pass a resolution requesting the State Department both for the text of the agreement which Mr. Hughes has promised, and for any further information which will help Americans to understand what their commitments are under the agreement. The official interpretation of the contract which has been given out from Washington differs sharply from the interpretations officially placed upon it in London and Paris. Both the Senate and American public opinion are entitled to know which version is correct. If the administration, as the English newspapers and Colonel Harvey claim, has completely reversed the decision of 1919 not to take part in the organization of Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Coolidge's fellow countrymen certainly ought to know it. If he has not gone as far as this, how far has he gone in associating the American government with France, Great Britain and the rest in rendering effective the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles? Before signing the agreement he must have considered carefully how much of an obligation he was assuming on behalf of his fellow countrymen, and there is every reason why he should communicate his intentions to the people upon whom the consequences of his decision will be visited.

PROPAGANDISTS usually display a rare gift for injuring the cause which they desire to serve; and the Americans and English who are conducting propaganda in favor of increased American coöperation with Europe provide unfortunately no exception to the truth of this statement. The agreement for American participation in the proceeds of the Dawes plan can, as we point out elsewhere, be interpreted either as a reversal or a vindication of

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the policy of 1919. It is in fact both. One might have supposed that those who would like to bring about the utmost possible coöperation which the agreement permitted would have emphasized its limitations and interpreted it not as a repudiation of 1919 but as a severely restricted movement in a desirable direction. Instead they have exaggerated the amount of coöperation with Europe for which the agreement provides and have done all they could to arouse the apprehension of the irreconcilables to foment their opposition. What the result will be nobody knows, but the administration may be forced by the ensuing discussions to pare down the meaning of the disputed document, and it may have to utter public explanations which will for the time being check the increasing tendency to coöperation between the United States and Europe.

A SURVEY of the European scene last week reveals the usual amount of stress and uncertainty which in late years has come to be such a familiar feature of the political landscape. In Germany the long efforts of Marx to create a new government against the opposition of Stresemann have ended in failure, and Dr. Hans Luther has taken control with a makeshift cabinet, decidedly further to the Right than the last one. Poland and the Free City of Danzig have allowed their latent hostility to flame out on the issue whether the special Polish mailboxes in the city shall be painted in the national colors. In France, Herriot's increasing difficulties have been augmented because he feels compelled, under a law he dislikes but cannot ignore, to prosecute Sr. Blasco Ibañez for his criticism of Alfonso and the de Rivera régime. Meanwhile the Mussolini government in Italy has outridden the cyclone at least temporarily. The Fascist dictator has secured the passage of the new electoral law with the obnoxious plural voting feature eliminated. He complains that he sees a connection between his policy of outlawing Freemasonry and the sudden drop in the value of Italian exchange. In the Balkan states, and particularly Jugoslavia, reaction continues to smother all opposition on the general charge of Bolshevism, a falsehood so transparent that no one tries either to prove or disprove it.

NEGOTIATIONS between France and Germany over the trade treaty are still hanging fire, though agreement must eventually come. French iron masters need Ruhr coke. German steel manufacturers need Lorraine iron. National boundaries which separate essential constituents of heavy industry are, from an economic point of view, anachronistic, and tariff walls erected at these boundaries are barriers to the growth of the trade. This axiom has long been recognized by influential persons in both countries; their conflict has been rather over which interests should have the predominant share in the eventual benefits of consolidation. The recent history of Franco-German relations may be interpreted chiefly in the light of this conflict. During the War both French and German interests hoped to annex all the territory in question. After the peace had again established boundaries which cut through the region, negotiators attempted to settle trade questions. But when the Germans refused to meet the French terms, the Ruhr invasion followed. This, though justified by the pretext that Germany had defaulted on reparations, was really a piece of national sabotage to force German industrialists to terms. It was unsuccessful, and its failure led to the Dawes settlement, which reduced the opportunity of France to act again on the same pretext. France may still attempt to bargain for advantage by raising tariffs, but this will in the long run hurt her as much as Germany by making more difficult reparation payments under the Dawes régime. Sooner or later the heavy industries of both countries will have to come to terms, and when they do, one of the principal but one of the most carefully concealed issues of the War will have been settled; the "war after the War" will have been ended by a negotiated peace.

IF governments were human beings, subject to human emotions, remorse might well be felt at Washington because of the suffering which an unjust American law, cruelly administered, has caused to John C. Schedel and his family. Schedel is a German-American, who came to this country in 1906 and settled in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. In 1915, he joined the Socialist party and four years later the Ft. Wayne local affiliated with the Communists, which automatically made Schedel a member of the latter organization—at that time regarded as a quite legitimate and legal one. In 1920, in the infamous Palmer Red raids, Schedel, who had taken out first citizenship papers but not final ones, was one of five thousand alien members of the Communist party, the Communist-Labor party or the I. W. W. on whom warrants of deportation were served. He was not represented by counsel, and though he expressly disclaimed belief in violent revolution, he was deported to Germany, his American wife and five children, aged from five months to ten years, being left in Ft. Wayne to live or die as best they could. Since then Mrs. Schedel has kept her brood together by doing washing and cleaning, with the exception of a short period when she broke down under the strain.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE as it may seem to the good gentlemen in Washington, Schedel was not happy, living in Germany, to contemplate the struggles of his wife and children serenely and from afar. In fact, he showed a most deplorable, lawless inclination to come back and help them; and he succeeded in returning late in 1924. Naturally, the government officials regard his attitude as that of a madman. Why should anybody try to come back illegally and aid a wife and children once a kind government

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has enabled him to get rid of them? At his first meeting with his family, he was arrested. He faces a possible long penitentiary term, with deportation at its close. Mrs. Schedel is confronted by the delightful prospect of continuing her solitary fight to bring up her children. Their only chance lies in the exercise of executive clemency at Washington. The federal law under which Schedel was deported has long since been scrapped. In similar cases the government has lately shown a praiseworthy tendency to take a commonsense view of the situation. We suggest to Mr. Warren that he has an opportunity to inaugurate his career as Attorney-General most happily by giving John C. Schedel and his family a chance to live together in the country which is the father's choice and the mother's and children's by nativity.

READERS of the New Republic are well aware of the long and splendid record Judge Ben B. Lindsey has made for himself in Denver's Juvenile Court. Our readers also know, from his own recital a short time ago in our pages, how the Ku Klux Klan fought desperately, by fair means and more particularly by foul, to defeat him when he was a candidate for reëlection last November. Determined if they can to crush any honest citizen who is brave enough to stand up for old-fashioned American principles against the cowardly knights of the hooded terror, the K. K. K. is now seeking both to declare Judge Lindsey's election illegal, and to have the Juvenile Court abolished by the Klan-controlled Legislature. Unfortunately, the fight for the continuation of Judge Lindsey's fine work among the children will need the expenditure of several thousand dollars; and like most people who have devoted their lives to service of the common good, Judge Lindsey is without personal fortune. For anyone who wishes to aid the never-ending struggle for democracy and decency, there is no better cause just now than this one.

THE fervor of war-time persecution continues to decline. The single "political" serving time in Idaho was recently released on unconditional pardon. The Idaho criminal syndicalism law is about to sustain an attack in the courts under the generalship of the American Civil Liberties Union. Meanwhile President Coolidge, acting upon the recommendation of Attorney-General Stone, has ordered a group of political deportation warrants cancelled. These are the cases of four men convicted under the federal law on the evidence of membership in the I. W. W., and pardoned in September, 1924, upon condition of deportation. This is no more than justice, and no less. We may be very sure that these pardons are not being signed by a President who loves the I. W. W. and would cherish its membership. On the contrary, Mr. Coolidge must certainly hold a lower opinion of the theories and institution of the I. W. W. than Mr. Wilson held. The difference is that of war psychosis. During the War nearly everyone supported repressive measures which hardly anyone can now defend.

Reëntering Europe—with Reservations

THE signature by the American government of an agreement with its former war associates whereby it will receive 2¼ percent of the reparations obtained from Germany under the Dawes plan is variously interpreted here and abroad. According to the official account from Washington the new contract is chiefly a recognition by the Allies that the American government surrendered none of its rights in a settlement with Germany through its failure to ratify the Versailles Treaty. Under the Paris agreement the United States will share to a certain extent in the benefit of any reparations which may be extracted from Germany, but it does not become thereby a partner with unlimited liability in the firm of the War Allies. On the other hand the English newspapers consider the agreement equivalent to the negotiation of a full partnership among France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and the United States for the purpose of realizing the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles as modified by the Dawes plan. The United States has in their opinion revised the policy which it adopted when the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles.

The English interpretation is at least as probable as the official American version. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, Ambassador Kellogg, before signing, asked the Conference to consent to an explicit reservation. The signature of the American delegation should, he said, bind the Washington government "only in so far as the rights of the United States are concerned." None of the other creditors of Germany would accept the proviso. They all insisted that by signing, the American nation accepted all the obligations as well as some of the benefits of a common enterprise. In the event of default by Germany it would share with its associates the responsibility for any action which they might take in order to collect their claims. The American delegates yielded to this protest and withdrew the reservation. In signing the contract, so it is alleged, they expressly acquiesced in the denial to the United States of an exceptional position in the partnership. The incident has been written into the record of the negotiation as it appears in the archives of the French and British Foreign Offices, and if at any future time the American government proposes to withdraw, they will accuse it of trying to evade a binding obligation.

The incident may or may not be true, and if true, may or may not be exaggerated. In any event it does not make much difference. The history of the

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partnership into which the American government has entered with its European associates will depend less upon the conflicting interpretations which the partners place upon the terms of the contract than upon the consequences of the Dawes plan and the future success of its operations. If the plan works well and there is no need of applying any further coercion to Germany, the question of the amount of responsibility assumed by the United States in signing the agreement will never be raised. If the plan works less well and the amount of money available under its provisions for the settlement of the claims against Germany falls far short of expectations, as is probable, the future policy of the American government will depend upon the further action for recovery adopted or proposed by its associates. We would surely participate in any reasonable modification of the Dawes plan which would help to improve its operating ability, and we would, doubtless, join in exercising increased pressure on the German people if in American opinion they were evading or repudiating obligations which they could afford to satisfy. But if, as a consequence of German default, the Allies should propose a renewal of the kind of coercion which they used to obtain Germany's signature to the Treaty of Versailles, or if the Dawes plan threatened to develop into a permanent receivership of the German economic and fiscal machine which France and Great Britain were using in order to keep the Germans in a position of political and economic inferiority, then in our opinion the United States would and should withdraw from the partnership. By signing the agreement the American government has assumed not an unlimited liability to coöperate with the Allies in collecting money from Germany or in penalizing her for inevitable default. The liability of the American government is limited by the comparatively small amount of its own claims and by the basic facts of the physical and political relationship of the United States to the continent of Europe.

It is fantastic to talk about the assumption by the United States of a partnership with unlimited liability for the successful operation of such a profoundly doubtful experiment as the Dawes plan. The American government is not participating in a measurable business or political enterprise which is being carried on under recognized rules to an agreed end. It is participating in a portentous speculation. The speculative nature of the plan is not the result of any doubt about the ability of Germany to pay the required annuities. It is practically certain both that she will never pay anything but a fraction of the claims against her and that the next generation of Germans will wreck the social order in Europe rather than submit longer than, say, twenty-five years to the exactions of the victors in the War. The speculation hangs not on the amount which France and Great Britain will get out of Germany, but on the effect in France and Great Britain of the failure to collect as much as French and British public opinion are still hoping to collect from her.

The Dawes plan is, as we have already pointed out, largely a political project. It was intended to bring about the evacuation of the Ruhr and to restore the possibility of economic activity in Germany, and then to find out how much Germany could pay. But in order to secure the consent of France to these measures of amelioration, their authors represented to France at least in public that she would profit substantially by giving Germany a chance to recover. The speculative value of the Dawes plan arises from the doubt about what French opinion will demand when it is undeceived. In their own eyes the French behaved most generously and self-sacrificingly when they promised to withdraw from the Ruhr and allowed Germany to reorganize her currency and finances. What will they propose to do if and when they discover that they have sacrificed in vain? Germany cannot both pay as France would like her to pay and yet recover.

Nobody knows what course France will ultimately adopt. She may when the show-down finally comes either accept the desirability of German recovery, provided she obtains every reasonable assurance from the whole of Europe of her own future security, or she may prevent the German nation from recovering unless it pays reparations to an amount and for a period which would postpone that recovery indefinitely. As yet she has not finally surrendered any of her original claims. She has, indeed, explicitly reserved and reasserted her alleged right to wage war on the German people if in French opinion they behave insubordinately and disloyally to the Treaties. Under pressure from her former Allies she has agreed to participate in the Dawes plan, but the underlying object of her participation is still undisclosed. Thus the meaning of the Dawes plan is ambiguous and its repercussion doubtful. It would be possible for France without violating the letter of the contract to bring about either the economic restoration of Germany or the gradual extinction of her economic vitality and political independence. The mixture of ambiguity in the plan and of doubt about the policy which France will finally adopt is the justification for calling the plan a huge speculation.

The significant question has never been, as the propagandists on both sides have insisted, whether the United States should or should not participate in European business and politics. American intervention in the War put an end to the kind of isolation which existed in 1914. The question which Americans must ask themselves is how far and under what conditions the coöperation should take place. During eighteen months towards the end of the War the United States was mixed up with Europe to the same extent and almost on the same terms as one of the large European powers. It could not last. This unlimited partnership took for granted a similarity of interest, experiences and out-

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look between the peoples on both sides of the Atlantic which did not exist. After the Armistice the pendulum inevitably swung to the opposite extreme. Temporarily the United States withdrew altogether too much from participation in European official business. During the last few years there has been a gradual resumption of coöperation, but the purposes for which it has taken place are different from those which prevailed when the withdrawal took place in 1919. The American people are no longer asked to enter into a European security league on the same terms and with the same responsibilities as its European members. Security of frontiers guaranteed by federated military force is something which European nations may reasonably be asked to provide for themselves. Neither is the American government being asked to participate in a reparations agreement whose demands, as in the case of the financial clauses of the Versailles Treaty, are economically impossible and morally perfidious. What it was asked to do and is doing is to participate in an experimental attempt to force reparations from Germany along an economically possible route. The attempt brings with it many dangers and possible misunderstandings, but it is a task in which the American government can and ought to help, and in which by helping it is confirming no less than reversing its policy in 1919. It reënters Europe partly because Europe is less irreconcilable and it reënters subject to almost all of the earlier conditions and reservations.

Those English politicians and journalists who are pretending that the former policy is reversed and that the United States has resumed a partnership of unlimited liabilities with the Allies are as usual hampering the work of their friends in this country. They have aroused the alarmed pugnacity of the dogmatic isolationists with the result that the barren issue between isolation and coöperation will be argued again with all the old sound and fury, and they are passing off on other Englishmen their own fond expectations as definite and binding promises. Mr. Garvin, for instance, considers that in order to prevent France from reoccupying the Ruhr, after she once gets out, the American nation is bound to see the Dawes plan through no matter how far the enterprise involves it in European social and political entanglements. He should understand that the majority opinion in America does not recognize any such obligation. The American government will not participate indefinitely in an international receivership of Germany which necessarily undervalues the social welfare of the German people in order to prevent the French from resuming military operations against their neighbors. It will not contribute supplies and troops to carry on the inevitable civil and international war which the attempt to operate an indefinitely prolonged fiscal receivership of Germany will provoke. It will not, that is, become a responsible partner in a legal organization of Europe which would aim chiefly at perpetuating the economic and political consequences of the military victory of the Allies. The amount and duration of the new participation will depend more upon the future behavior of the European nations and upon the necessary limitations of American interest in Europe than upon the reading of an ambiguous document or the present intentions of Messrs. Coolidge, Hughes and Churchill.

Dr. Meiklejohn Proposes

THE Liberal College began as an idea; it has now become a movement. Historically speaking neither the phrase, the idea, nor the movement is a novelty. The Liberal College antedates the university in American experience. Indeed, it has never been wholly supplanted by the university. Nevertheless that process of development which was inaugurated at Harvard by President Eliot, the university tradition, has certainly been the dominating force in American higher education during the last three decades. Its appearance coincided with the inevitable revision of the curriculum which the sciences compelled and with the westward surge of higher education which produced the great state universities. The admission of the sciences to the old classical curriculum was effected by the elective system, a system which lent itself to university building, to growth by accretion and multiplication, with unique facility. In the end even the tiniest seminary yearns for another laboratory and the title, University.

In this period of inevitable expansion the Liberal College has been not so much lost as forgotten. All prestige attaches to the university. The college has been simply an institution that failed to grow. The great schools have been the undergraduate departments (they are still called colleges out of deference to their antiquity) of the most imposing universities. But these establishments are not collegiate in spirit. They are pooled with professional and graduate departments; their faculties interlock with those of other divisions of the university; one great library serves a whole university; and one stadium. Through this process of merger and consolidation the sense of intellectual community has been lost. No two students in a body of five thousand, a very moderate university horde, share their intellectual or social experiences completely. The five instructors of any given youth have but a nodding acquaintance with one another. In short, the university represents mass production, and distribution upon the cafeteria plan. Small colleges have remained in plenty, but they have lost the sense of their importance. They have become dismal little places, some struggling in pathetic futility to grow new members upon a withered trunk, others slumbering peacefully as country clubs for the sons of old alumni or safe seminaries for the young of particular religious sects.

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The Liberal College movement is a reaction against all this. Its program is simply the recovery of the college community and the basic principles of liberal education. In essence it is as obvious as a fundamental principle needs to be. Intellectual unity has been lost out of higher education. That disappeared with the disappearance of the classical curriculum which with all its deficiencies had this great virtue: it transmitted to its students the core of the culture of that day. Moreover, the compact community, which distinguished the old Harvard "College" and Yale "College" as well as Amherst College and Williams College and served in each of them to incubate the intellectual unity of the curriculum, has been lost in the madding crowd. This is the etiology of the disease. The prescription follows. An undergraduate college of liberal education needs simply to be physically small and intellectually compact. By the conditions of its life it must foster acquaintance, intimacy, cross fertilization by constant and general communication. By the form of its organization as a faculty and a curriculum it must produce the sense of a common background, common problems, a common undertaking. Reduced to lowest terms, the Liberal College is a small college with a single course of study.

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn did not discover the mission of the Liberal College. The small college has never lacked for champions. Nevertheless, he has become the spokesman of the movement. From the time of his inaugural at Amherst College, in September, 1912, he has devoted himself wholly to the realization of the principles by which the college is defined. Since his resignation, in 1923, he has been leading and directing the public discussion of the idea of the Liberal College more actively than any of its other protagonists has ever done. Needless to say, he has made a great many followers and discovered a still larger number who have themselves been harboring very similar ideas less articulately. He feels, therefore, that the time has come to sound a general call to arms. In an article published in the January issue of the Century Magazine he definitely invites us to come forward and establish a new college in which the ideal of liberal education may be realized.

Upon the necessity of a new college Dr. Meiklejohn is quite convincing. There are, to be sure, many small and independent colleges now devoted to general, liberal education. But they are hampered by confusing traditions and muscle-binding habits. For one thing they are not so much unified as in-bred. Within their ivied walls bitter struggles are going on between those who would continue to focus collegiate education upon Greek after the tradition in which the colleges were founded, and those who would base it upon chemistry, and others who want economics to hold the centre of the stage. There are, moreover, confusions of departmental organization and dissipations resulting from the stratification of learning and teaching into subjects and courses. The colleges which have preserved intact their traditions of size and homogeneity have at the same time suffered the heaviest casualties in the struggle to modernize their content. The universities have at least been thorough. Beginning in the elective system, they have chopped and cut until all trace of the old classical curriculum has been lost. But the colleges have taken over the cut-and-piece system of the universities without having exorcised the spirit of the old colleges. They are, accordingly, perfect vortices of confusion. The Liberal College of one's dream would seek its destiny unhampered by the vestiges either of its ancestors of the classic age or of its wicked uncles, the universities. Only in a new college could this condition be attained.

But for all the cogency of Dr. Meiklejohn's argument, a new college cannot be organized merely upon the abstract principle of unity. Unity, yes; but the unity of what? You cannot take the matter of the patchwork course of our existing colleges and just "unify" it. Unity is a state of being, not an external process. It must inhere in all the parts if it is to be present at all. Dr. Meiklejohn sees this very clearly, more clearly, perhaps, than any of his colleagues. Yet he finds it difficult to face the issue. In general terms one may say that the only unity anyone would want in an educational scheme is the unity that comes of self-understanding, of the understanding, that is to say, of our own civilization. Quite so. But our civilization is itself notoriously a disunified affair. No one has said so more frequently nor more convincingly in the last decade than Dr. Meiklejohn himself. The task of the scholar and therefore by clear implication the task of the faculty of the Liberal College is to penetrate to the binding principles of contemporary civilization, and to exhibit them to their generation. Until they have done so, until some one has done so, no one can say what should be the core of liberal education.

At just this point, however, Dr. Meiklejohn is too modest. We suspect him of viewing the world more steadily and more completely than most of his contemporaries. We should like to know what he sees. That, we think, should be the frankly announced basis of the college he is describing. But Dr. Meiklejohn draws back. First he proposes to prepare his students for their ultimate task by giving them a synoptic picture of two preceding civilizations. Let them spend an entire year mastering Greek life, and then another year with our own industrial revolution. After that, the deluge. Moreover, he says, a leader of scholars must not prejudice his followers. The world-view out of which the new curriculum is to emerge must be evolved not by an administrative head but by the men who are to teach and to carry on the studies and researches through which alone teaching is kept vital. These are both excellent ideas. But they avoid the issue. Each serves only to postpone decision and

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commitment. After the Greek comes the unknown. Before a faculty can evolve a plan some one must evolve a faculty. And that postulates a plan. The essential leadership must come from the inspired leader.

Dr. Meiklejohn, what is your plan? Upon what assumptions do you propose to select your faculty of twenty-five? Which aspects of our life are the central ones, in your apprehension? We venture to ask these questions because you have invited them. You have indicated that you would like to receive such questions and to answer them in the spirit in which they are asked. Very well. May we offer the New Republic as a forum? Here are our questions. Others, we hope, will come from many of our readers. Let us hear your answer.

The Adolescence of Economics

THE public is often accused these days of being unconcerned with the conclusions of science, and of adopting unscientific policies. It does not do so, however, about automobiles, radio, battleships—the material achievements by which natural science has proved itself in practice. It does so partly, but by no means wholly, in medicine and public hygiene, which themselves are not so well founded in scientific method and are not so infallibly effective as physics and chemistry. Unconcern with scientific method appears chiefly in relation to the social sciences, which so far are barely scientific and largely ineffective. May not the trouble be at least partly with what is called science? Critics sometimes speak as if we were confronted by a tragic conflict between popular stupidity on the one hand and a completed scientific creed on the other. But a more basic conflict exists between the still puny equipment of the social scientists and the mass of material which they will have to conquer before their work can prove its validity to the people. There is danger in not recognizing this fact. Uncritical devotion to purely rational scientific conclusions, still incomplete in their relation to the multifarious phenomena of the universe and of human life in particular, might prove as harmful as a similar attitude towards any other unwarranted pretension to final truth.

A significant pronouncement on science recently delivered but as yet unnoticed outside the limited group before which it was read, will help to make this point clear. This was the Presidential Address of Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell to the American Economic Association on quantitative method in economics. Dr. Mitchell is as much concerned as anyone with the influence of science on the human community. But he is even more concerned that science shall have a salutary influence to exert. Instead of inquiring into the stupidity of the people, he has been inquiring into the possibilities of scientific method. And, like other intelligent economists, he is far from believing that his own science has yet laid secure enough foundations so that it can serve as a reliable guide to action in all matters of policy.

The economic doctrines which many take to be authoritative are derived from the qualitative analysis of the classical economists and their followers. These pioneers were led by circumstances to place their emphasis on deductive methods. They lacked broad accumulations of concrete data, and had not developed the statistical tools with which to interpret such accumulations. They took as the starting point of their reasoning a hypothetical individual, motivated in economic matters chiefly by impulses of pleasure and pain, of desires and preferences, or what-not. They derived from such assumptions —not grounded in reliable psychology—inferences as to how all individuals would act in situations which were also hypothecated, like perfectly free competition, uncontrolled forces of demand and supply, and the like. On such assumptions they based rational economic "laws." Although most of the classical economists admitted that these generalities were merely hypotheses which would hold true only under the conditions given, and would have to be modified to fit the actual situation, many of their popular interpreters speak as if "economic laws" were as nearly immutable in practice as those of physics and chemistry.

There is no necessary conflict, Dr. Mitchell points out, between qualitative and quantitative analysis, and there is no need of an exclusive choice between them. Just as quantitative data must be used to check up qualitative conclusions, so must qualitative method set problems for and interpret the results of quantitative study. This principle was recognized in economics fifteen years ago when Alfred Marshall stated that qualitative analysis had done its work, but must wait long for the accumulation of data which would render possible its verification. But Dr. Mitchell believes neither that qualitative analysis has been finished nor that the wait for quantitative results must be as long as Marshall feared. Both methods have a large part to play in the present and near future. And that part may be something quite different from what Marshall looked for.

Some contemporary economists, like Marshall, have expected statistical induction from aggregations of data to prove or disprove the classical laws deduced from hypothetical cases by qualitative methods. But when such a test is attempted, a curious result is often found. Statistical induction is seen to be irrelevant to the hypothesis. The "law" cannot be either proved or disproved by quantitative methods. Rather it has to be restated in a new form, which is better adapted to statistical experience. This new form ignores causes and results in the old sense, but instead expresses correlations between coexistent phenomena. We can, for instance, discover orderly relationships among

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actual curves of supply, demand and price. But these relationships are not capable of being expressed in the old logical formulæ. It is improbable that we shall ever be able, by statistical economics, either to prove or to disprove any economic calculus based on the pleasure-pain or other motives assumed in classical economics. Quantitative analysis is likely, not to verify the old qualitative conclusions, but to lay them aside and to lead to a new point of view and a new system of qualitative interpretation.

The revolution brought about by statistical reasoning has already been noted in the natural sciences. There many authorities have long recognized that what they are dealing with is not a system of absolute laws in the Newtonian sense—that is, laws of cause and effect inherent in the universe which of their own right, as it were, govern the actions of things in specific cases. Induction from phenomena presents instead an array of average results describing the usual behavior of a very large number of very small units. Such mass behavior, when statistically stated, often approximates closely to laws deduced by qualitative analysis, but never quite coincides with it, because variation among the individual units may always be expected. In economics the difference between laws of the old qualitative analysis and statistical laws is sure to be far more marked. This arises from several causes—there are many fewer units altogether in economic averages than in chemical or physical, there are more differences among the individuals, and, most important of all, there is no assurance that the individual unit postulated by the qualitative economic analyst is really much like the actual mass of individuals, since his psychological makeup was assumed, not based on scientific investigation.

If we were to revise classical economics from the bottom up, we should have to wait until the psychologists had established the precise nature of man and could provide us with a reliable system of "instincts," "motives" and the like. But that would be a long wait indeed. As Dr. Mitchell points out, the subject matter of all the social sciences is more and more coming to be, not such abstract universals, but actual human behavior under varied circumstances. Each is studying the same thing—behavior—in its own field. Each is learning to say, "given such conditions, man tends to act in such a way. The margin of error in this conclusion is so and so." From this point of view phenomena like prices, wages, profits and so on are simply one array of measurements of the results of human behavior—the array which comes into play in man's economic relationships. The social sciences are being drawn together by the statistical method into a common way of attack on their problems, and so will not in the future be carried on in separate compartments, where they are unable to help one another.

The upshot of all this is likely to make economics so realistic in its treatment of actual phenomena as to be more practically useful. The old economic "laws" are so universal that even if we were sure they were true we could not often apply them correctly to a concrete situation. Statistical correlations, however, do have practical applications. This is already apparent in the use of statistics for the purposes of business men, but there is no reason why the method should not be as valuable to other classes or to the general public interest. One reason why this is so is that it draws attention to the two phases of economic activity which Veblen delights to place in opposition to each other under the heads of "business" and "industry." We have statistics of pecuniary phenomena like prices and profits on the one hand, and we have statistics of physical production and employment on the other. When dealing with such data the economist can no longer pass in his discussion from one category to the other without knowing what he is doing and noting the distinction between them. He will be more ready to see wherein the two really are at cross purposes, and to recommend action in that regard. One cannot study records of performance—and statistics are such records—without becoming interested in results. And one cannot be interested in results without coming to see that they can be influenced and without trying to learn how to influence them. This leads to study of the factors which influence results. It leads to more inquiry into economic institutions. It leads to experiment. Experiments can, in a very real sense, be carried on in the realm of economics, with new methods and new institutions.

We trust that this brief comment has done no substantial injustice to Dr. Mitchell's scholarly and illuminating address, the original of which may in due time be consulted by those who are interested. When scientists are talking in this way, it becomes evident that the world suffers no great deprivation in failing to accept as final truth or as a guide to policy the adolescent conclusions of social science. Economics may during the next century become valuable enough in action so that it will take its place in popular esteem beside the more mature but more primitive natural sciences.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The College of Money-Changing

I. Is Commerce Education?

THE college of commerce and finance is an educational fact and a psychological phenomenon. Something like sixty thousand college men and women are now enrolled in the courses of the business departments. That is the fact. Most of these are getting a business training by scamping their college education. The enterprise of liberal education is suffering accordingly, and all educators know it. Hence the psychological phenomenon. Commerce is rampant, but its coat of arms is marked with the bar sinister. It leads the van, but there is a loud murmuring in the ranks. Visit any great university and ask your old friend, the professor of literature, genial interpreter of Elizabethan drama, to show you about the place. He will take you through a laboratory or two, point out the "original" buildings, now resigned to the tender mercies of the freshmen, indicate the inevitable expansion block with its combination of bank, hotel lobby and lecture hall, lead you quizzically past the screaming architectural modesties of fraternity row to the stadium, coming to a final halt in an "ice cream joint" where the genus co-ed Americana may be observed in the rows of stalls that flank the bars of these hostelries. This is college life, not very intense, perhaps, but wholesome and familiar. But you will have noticed that one element remains unassimilated, a huge, new granite building, the most conspicuous item of the central exhibit. It has not been mentioned. With some misgiving you decide to risk a question.

"Am I expected not to notice yon granite pile?" you inquire, trying to mask your diffidence with professorial humor. "Apparently one doesn't!"

"Well," your Vergil will reply, "I thought you'd know what this is. It's our new excuse for being."

"You mean—?"

"Commerce."

This is the phenomenon.

Not every university, of course, boasts a temple to commerce, with unilateral light, elevators, telephones in every room and a pair of pillars at the entrance to symbolize architecture. But this is universally the road to growth. For every university that boasts a commerce building there are two that give degrees in commerce; for every university that grants business degrees there are a dozen that offer courses which may be counted toward the usual degrees. By grace of the credit system our colleges all up and down the land are now compounding with Greek and literature, mathematics and biology new credits, uncouth to academic ears, in accounting and salesmanship, railroad administration and labor from the standpoint of the business manager.

The movement is general, too general to be regarded any longer as an accidental or passing phase of educational development. It has passed the experimental stage. And as usual, Harvard leads the way. The determination of the Board of Governors of Harvard University to erect a group of buildings on the stadium side of the Charles (O divine conjunction!) sufficient for all the needs of the Graduate School of Business Administration may be taken to signalize the admission of commerce to full and unqualified academic standing. To be sure, many schools have not fallen into line, possibly more, numerically, than those which have taken commerce in. But they will not check the rising tide. Most of them are small and conservative seminaries in which no very active growth is going on in any direction. Some of them still lack courses in pedagogy! It is too early to gauge the permanence of the school of commerce by counting buildings.

As a matter of fact, the commercial tradition is little more than a decade old. The Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, the inevitable reservation, was founded in 1881. But only recently has it dominated the university. The graduate school at Harvard was opened to students in the autumn of 1908. The Tuck School (Dartmouth) was established in 1900. But these dates do not bound the more intense activities of recent years. Dean Gray, of the Tuck School, has divided the history of the movement into three periods. Before 1900 the idea was germinating. That is to say, it had occurred only to Joseph Wharton, and Amos Tuck. During the ensuing decade a number of collegiate schools of business were conceived, though none of them manifested any very lusty growth. The next decade was one of unprecedented development, broken by the War. "The progress in those ten years was substantial; but," says Dean Gray, "I think the most striking growth in the whole history of business education has been since 1920, or perhaps 1919. The return of our young men from the War was accompanied by a tremendous growth in the enrollment of business schools, which was almost universal and which has not yet shown appreciable signs of lessening."

The War, of course, is incidental. Whatever the circumstances that have affected any given generation of students, the germination and fruition of the college of business is the result of cosmic weather, not of any accidental dislocation of enrollment. The men who manage the schools are perfectly conscious of their destiny. They should be. The logic of the school of business is a logic not of education but of

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business, and it is perceptible to students of business whatever their educational equipment. Their announcements tell the story. "With the growth in size of business units, business has become more complex in the last fifty years in the same way that warfare has become more complex," says the catalogue of the Harvard Graduate School. The ingenuousness of this pronouncement is, perhaps, uniquely illuminating. But the basic idea is a commonplace of the commercial educators. Another catalogue reads much the same. "Modern business is marked by such intricacy of organization and complexity of operation that those who are dependent upon experience alone for their business training find it increasingly difficult to visualize an organization as a whole, or analyze its functions and relations." Ergo the academic school of business. Heretofore business education has been a matter of apprenticeship. But the developments of recent years, developments in business, not in education, have raised its denomination to a higher figure. The training school for business executives is the inevitable result.

This logic is quite irresistible. A Yale or a Princeton may hold out against it, not seeing the necessity, as Harvard has heretofore not seen the necessity for a school of agriculture on the banks of the urban Charles. But there will be a clamor among their alumni. There is a clamor for agriculture in Cambridge at this moment. Furthermore, the challenge, "Why not?" will be a difficult one to answer. After all, this is the way law came within the hallowed gates, and medicine, and most obviously pedagogy. None of the special schools was formed in answer to the intellectual needs of the colleges themselves. On the contrary, each constituted an acknowledgment of the just claims of a profession to academic hospitality. When problems require to be studied it is the business of universities to study them. If one university proudly withholds its hands from the dirty business, others will none the less plunge in. They must.

But the inevitability of change is seldom much comfort to those who view it with alarm, and this is certainly the state of mind of nine-tenths of the academic population. From their point of view, indeed, the situation is undoubtedly alarming. Perhaps the five million dollars of the George F. Baker Foundation, through which the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration will gain a local habitation and a name, would not have been contributed to any other end. Mr. Baker himself has said that they would not. No academic department, therefore, need feel cheated. But the portent is ominous. A shift in the centre of gravity of a university, still more of higher education generally, will sooner or later affect every department of learning however remote from commerce and finance. Donors, trustees, alumni and finally the students can, in the course of time, waft the venerable but now supererogatory professors gently out of existence. The drift of enrollment at Harvard, for example, from the initial fifty-three to six hundred registered in the school of business a year ago, the horrid spectacle of Pennsylvania where the Wharton School numbers 2,505 to the 1,016 of the College of Arts and Sciences, not to mention the 1,931 of the evening school of accounts and finance, is more than the cloistered scholar can contemplate with equanimity. Clearly the educational authorities have gone awhoring after strange gods.

The real enormity of the situation, however, is not the magnitude but the character of the diversion. What Mr. John Jay Chapman has called it in public nearly all its critics have corroborated in private, to wit, a compromise with Mammon. The language of the professor of humanities as he contemplates the commerce curriculum is as lurid as a life of scholarship permits. His dismay is natural. Business is the subject of universal disapprobation among humanists. Whatsoever things are mean, whatsoever things are low, whatsoever things are incontinently selfish and piratical, for all those things business and the trading classes have stood in the European imagination since the Middle Ages. Humanism, culture, gets its definition by contrast with commerce and industry. Whatever the necessities of the business community, so this argument would run, there can be no compromise between trade and the life of the spirit. The two are incompatible. The period of education which youth is allowed for the cultivation of its mind cannot be shared with apprenticeship for trade because the two cannot be mixed.

The insertion of business courses in the curriculum not only lends countenance to this contradiction, it incorporates it in the faculty. Not only does the institution as a whole bend the knee to Mammon; he has his personal representatives upon its staff, his professors of financial manipulation, instructors in labor management, and assistant professors of tax-dodging. Under the auspices of the School of Mammonry the foremost buccaneers of the period pass in solemn procession through the academic groves bearing the palms of special lecturers. By special invitation the more intricate problems of commercial chicanery are submitted to the staff of the university department to be solved with the eager assistance of the squads of novices. All this in the name of "extension service," "coöperation with related industries," and—crowning insolence of humanitarian cant—the "Bureau of Business Research."

In the present situation, the actual status of commercial education at this moment, there is much to justify this lurid picture. For the time being the administrators and faculties of the colleges of business do certainly talk as though they conceived themselves to represent business pure and unredeemed. And while maintaining this pose they seem inclined to stand as much in the way of normal

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education as possible. If the first were true and the second permanent the bell which rings for the commercial classes to assemble would undoubtedly toll the knell of parting day for the humanities. The first, primary, and quintessential condition of liberal education is the freedom of the mind, and as we surely do not need to be told at this late date the one important obstacle to the realization of that condition is business. Not, of course, the peremptory demands of endowing financiers, but the imponderable, seeping influence of an established order upon which every teacher and every student depends for all the goods of life. It is difficult enough, in all honesty, for the most resolute scholar to free his mind of the prejudices which alone will gain him instant acceptance as a regular fellow in the world of hearty and substantial citizens. If he is to conceive himself as a resident in that world, and not merely a private citizen but a staff officer of business, the task is simply impossible. And if, to state the issue at its sharpest, important sections of the academic faculty are to adopt this conception of themselves, then education, understanding, and civilization must be very much the loser. When all the instruction in economics is confided to the school of commerce, as is the case, for example, at the University of Minnesota, or when the school of commerce is able somehow to dominate the whole group of social science departments, as was true a short time ago at the University of Chicago, the resultant situation is as unfortunate for liberal education as could easily be imagined.

But there are many indications that such situations are a transition phase and not the mature condition of the college of business administration. That conditions such as these should persist for long is incredible except to minds disposed to consider Mammon the omnipotent though baleful deity of modern civilization. Even so, the advantage of the business school itself is probably best served by independence of the academic curriculum. Assume the worst of commerce, of its interest in the universities, and of the disposition of universities to bend the knee: Still it is highly probable that the graduate school is more serviceable than a pied collegiate course, half business, half humanities. If business is all powerful and can have its way, the way it will take is a business school analogous to the school of law or of medicine. It will exact seven or eight years of university study of which the first four will be the liberal college course, somewhat concentrated upon preparatory subjects.

This is precisely what is happening. The normal course for a business school to run is something like this: first, scattering courses in business; next, a business degree and a "paper" school; then a separate establishment and recognition as a college empowered to grant the master's degree in business; and finally the concentration of the work of the business college upon its graduate work and its progressive self-elimination from the undergraduate curriculum. So far as one can see this is its actual history. By the terms of its foundation the Wharton School has had a more or less separate existence from the beginning—on paper. In fact it appears to have been little more than a group of courses given on the Wharton endowment. Only in 1912 did the school assume a distinct place of its own in the university economy under the rule of a separate dean, and even then, and now, the non-commercial work of the undergraduates is merged with that of the university at large. At Harvard the strong tradition for making all professional work available only to graduates served to define the school of business as a graduate foundation from the start. A graduate degree was invented to suit the occasion. The school conferred the degree of Master of Business Administration; its students did no other work than that of the commerce faculty. This system has been maintained intact and is now reinforced by the five million dollars of the Baker gift. It will be as separate from the rest of the university as the medical school. More so: contrary to medical precedent, the business school advises intended students against pre-business majoring. Let them get an education first and present themselves when ready for purely professional training. These counsels seem to be prevailing very generally. An imposing list of universities, including the Wharton School, now give advanced degrees, Master of Business Administration or Master of Science in Commerce, for graduate study. The standard of work which their courses accomplish will almost certainly oblige the schools of all first class universities to concentrate upon graduate study and research.

That concentration will save liberal education, though not without risk and fairly heavy casualties. Wherever a college of business is in process of organization and promotion, confusion of counsels is certain and a temporary eclipse of liberal thinking and study almost inevitable. This is the nature of the case. But the disease is probably self-limiting. The college of business administration must raise itself to the position of a separate school of graduate study in order to do its own work with self-respect. The same thing has happened to medicine, to law, and only recently to education, each of which was at one time an educational nuisance only less noisome than commerce. This also seems to be the nature of the case.

It may turn out further that the prophets of Mammon are not so intimate with their deity as they themselves suppose. They have protested mightily that business is their god and their profession. The former seems probable and the latter utterly fantastic. Yet the facts show that they are creating a profession. They may also show that the professors of business are not so sulphurous as they appear. After all, they are only professors! But that is an aspect of the case which requires careful examination.

C. E. Ayres.

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The Unmaking of Jugoslavia

IN the early part of the summer of 1924 a number of European journals smartly ran to earth a complete communist plan for the conquering of the Balkans for Marx. Having no mind for strategy the details of that plan have escaped me. But as a student of economics I remember that I noted with interest how the Big Press had apparently taken to coöperative "scooping," for the story of the impending communist rising appeared in much the same words in all the capitals of Europe.

The other thing I remember is that little more was heard of the affair as soon as the Anglo-Russian negotiations were concluded. Afterwards the Geneva Protocol, the English elections, the German elections and other such less distracting topics occupied the western European press. In the Balkans the peasants threshed their wheat, stacked their corn and then quietly fell to making ready for the long winter rest. And the Revolution—had the danger passed? Or was it merely delayed?

That, apparently, is what one should fear, for lately, just before I left London and in the four weeks I have spent here, messages from various European capitals warn us again the Communists are planning a wholesale rising in southeastern Europe. The news is repeated as it was told last June. Now as then, the discovery seems to be due to the joint enterprise of a number of papers. And, curious to note, just as the summer scare coincided with the critical phase in the Anglo-Russian negotiations, so its winter revival begins as Herriot prepares to discuss a settlement with the Soviets.

But as the danger is said to be near let us leave the quaking editors and look at things on the spot. Is there a danger of revolution in southeastern Europe? And if there is have Moscow and Communism any share in it? Last year I travelled to and fro in southeastern Europe from early spring till autumn; first on a political trip which took me through all the capitals and chancellories of that region, and then on a scientific inquiry of my own during which I wandered leisurely from village to village, almost exclusively in the company of peasants. During these travels Sofia was the only place where I heard people say that there was a communist danger in the country. For the rest, even cabinet ministers passed on to the next item with a smile whenever the topic was mentioned. I saw no signs that the communist creed interested the townfolk, let alone the villagers of that region. There is no reason to suppose that it has become more popular since.

Yet in one country at any rate, in Jugoslavia, things are apparently coming to a head. Recently the papers brought the news that the Croat leader, Stephen Radich, and a considerable number of his followers have been arrested, on a charge of collusion with the Soviets against the existing Jugoslav state. Radich is worshipped by his followers; and the fact that he and his fellow workers have been imprisoned just in the midst of a bitter campaign for the elections which are to take place early in February will not make his suppression more acceptable to the Croatian people. Serious trouble therefore is quite on the cards in Jugoslavia. As the real issues, as I see them, are almost identical in all the countries of southeastern Europe, we shall also get an answer to the general question as to why that region is so restless, while trying to disentangle the reasons which threaten the civil peace of Jugoslavia.

From the very first the Croatians grouped in the Croatian Peasant party were somewhat dissatisfied with the arrangement which set up the unitary Jugoslav state. Up to a point, that may have been a mere continuation of the outlook to which they had become accustomed while fighting for autonomy in the Austro-Hungarian empire; but the leaders at any rate saw in autonomy more than a barrier against centralist abuse. Autonomy was for them a circumstance without which they could not hope to work out the ideas contained in their program. That program is twenty years old and has in essentials changed not at all, being upheld with remarkable determination, even through the many years when the party was insignificant and its leaders practically excommunicated by the Catholic hierarchy.

What its framers aspired to was to maintain and develop their land as a peasant country and not to imitate, as was the drift all around them, the industrial development of the West with its appalling wake of social problems. Two political conditions were considered indispensable for such a development: republicanism, for without it the popular will could not be completely unshackled; and pacifism, without which the nation could not hope to keep on a path of quiet, non-competitive economic and social progress of its own. For the old supporters of the ideals of the Peasant party those conditions obviously were as necessary in Jugoslavia as they had been in Austria Hungary. Comparatively, however, they were but a small group. But the aftermath of the War brought them tremendous additional support. The returning soldiers became the most fervent adherents of the pacifist creed; republicanism was enthusiastically propagated by the many Croat immigrants, of whom every village has one or more, who returned home after the War full of the wonders which they had experienced in the great American republic; while the advantages of autonomy were demonstrated even to those who had been indifferent to it before by the village-pump centralism in which the old Serbian politicians were immersed, and by the inability of the old and now supreme Serbian administration to cope with the problems of a country three times larger than before and of

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a population not only increased in the same degree, but also very diversified in character and upbringing.

The net result of that evolution of opinion has been to give the Croatian Peasant party such a hold on Croatia as no other party probably has on its country anywhere else in the world. I have no space here to give detailed figures but the total effect of the 1923 elections was to give the Croatian peasants seventy seats, the only larger party being the radical party of Pachich, with 107 seats. Incidentally it must be said that these figures are not a true measurement of the respective voting strengths. For although a new census of the population had been taken in 1921 the government of Pachich carried through the elections on the basis of the census of 1910; with the result that whereas the Croats got a seat for every 6,600 votes, the radicals' seats cost 4,944 votes each. That means that if the Croat average had been applied to the radicals, Pachich would have had only eighty-two followers in Parliament. Hence in 1923, in an election which was fought on different issues, the Republicans came back seventy strong. The number of deputies pledged to federalism was even greater than this. They included the Slovenes, the Mussulman Serbs from Bosnia, etc., with a total of 114 in a Chamber of 312 all told.

How is it that a federalism which could muster such forces was yet unable to make any impression whatever on legislation and administration? Pachich was known to be intractable. But if he could afford to budge not one inch from his position it was because the Croats deliberately kept away from the Parliament at Belgrade. They protested that the new Constitution which Pachich had forced through Parliament mutilated the spirit if not the letter of the famous Pact of Corfu, wherein leaders of the various branches of the southern Slavs (the Bulgars excepted) had laid the constitutional basis of the future state; and they argued that a statesman who had been capable of such comprehensive intolerance could not be expected to deal fairly with their detailed needs and grievances. Whether wise or not, these absentionist tactics stultified the whole political situation. For as long as the two chief protagonists sulkily remained seated on two opposite fences there was no chance for anyone to attempt to mediate; nor was there, as long as that artificial situation lasted, any possibility of gauging reliably what degree of sincerity and justice was contained in the two extreme policies which were holding the field.

We should therefore gain little enlightenment by delving into the incidents of that confused period. Mutual accusations are often as plausible one as the other, while taken together they remain bewilderingly barren as a guide to truth. Hence the real issue in Jugoslav policies only began to emerge last spring, when M. Radich, largely on the advice of English friends, reversed his attitude and decided to allow his followers to take their seats in Parliament. From that moment events have moved swiftly and have thoroughly cleared up the fog; so that by describing them briefly we shall be brought right up to the core of the present struggle. Indeed I will deliberately keep to a dry chronological summary, so as to let the picture emerge in all its glaring nakedness.

Early last spring the various Opposition parties realized that only common action could rid them of the octogenarian tyrant. They formed a bloc and the Croat deputies came to Belgrade to support it. Though by far the largest group Opposition, they, like the others, acknowledged the respected chief of the Serbian Democrats, M. Davidovich, as leader of the bloc. Serbians who were far from liking their claims nevertheless welcomed with emotion the arrival of the Croats. They rightly felt that the first and the most difficult step had been made towards the cementing of the State. Quite different was the response of M. Pachich, and also, unfortunately, of that higher factor whose function is to ensure the stability of the country's politics.

M. Pachich began in characteristic fashion. In Jugoslavia the mandates of deputies have to be confirmed by a Parliamentary Committee; usually that is a mere formality, but in the case of the Croatian deputies that was delayed for several weeks. Thus the propitious atmosphere of the first coming together was promptly soured. But at long last the mandates had to be confirmed. Everyone was tensely waiting for what seemed the inevitable dénouement. One morning in May, as soon as the sitting opened, the President of the Skupchina announced that the Croatian mandates had been found in order. Instantly M. Pachich was on his feet, and read a royal decree adjourning Parliament till October 20, the longest term allowed by the Constitution. The parliamentary majority was thus cheated out of a chance of expressing its will. And what a slap for the Croats, who had come to make peace!

But the Opposition refused to give in. It pressed for a special session of Parliament. Sentiment, even among many Radicals, was strong against the ways of M. Pachich. At the end of July the latter at last stepped aside and the King charged M. Davidovich to form a government whose main task was to reconcile the Serbs with the Croats and the Slovenes. A short, special session of Parliament voted confidence in the new government. Peace was blossoming fast. So much so that after a while the Croats could be induced to accept a share of executive responsibility by filling four seats in the Cabinet. Were good will and common sense triumphant, after all? So it seemed, for the federalists had agreed to work a centralized State and the republicans to join the King's government. They made it quite clear that they by no means renounced their ideals. But, having throughout kept faithfully to constitutional methods, they were willing enough to help in transforming what might have become a national conflict into a parliamentary issue. It was at this most

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auspicious moment in the history of the young State that the King took a step which sounds almost incredible in post-Tsarist Europe. About the middle of October, a few days before Parliament was due to meet, he summarily dismissed M. Davidovich from office. After a little manœuvering for the benefit of the gallery, M. Pachich was called back to power and allowed to dissolve Parliament. New elections were put off till the beginning of February.

And here we are, on the eve of these fateful elections. Violence is already raising its hydra-head in Jugoslavia. Is anything else to be expected? M. Pachich has obviously staked all on this last card. He has no ghost of a chance of winning unless he uses desperate methods. He is not the man to shrink from them. As early as last May, when his political fate was in the balance, he told a meeting of his supporters at Bijelina that blood had made and blood if need be shall keep "this and such a State." If worse things have not happened hitherto this is due primarily to the good sense and great authority of M. Radich. After the dismissal of M. Davidovich the Croats, I daresay, were ready for anything. But what advice did their fleeing leader give them? In a manifesto reproduced in a Bulgarian paper he urged them to prepare energetically for the elections; if their organization was outlawed, as the government threatened, they were to vote for M. Davidovich—a Serb who is neither a federalist nor a republican; and if even that were made impossible by violence they were simply to cancel their ballot-papers by writing on them: "For the federal Peasant Republic." And yet it is M. Radich who is called a Bolshevik by M. Pachich!

The "Bolshevik" pretext will not do. M. Radich, while in exile; paid a visit to Moscow, but at home he was allied to M. Davidovich, whose respectability no one could suspect; with Dr. Spaho, who has charge of the Sarajevo Chamber of Commerce; and with the Slovene leader, Dr. Koroshec, who holds high office in the Catholic hierarchy. Nor could the Croats and the other federalists be fairly charged any longer with being bent upon upsetting the State. Last year they gave solid proof to the contrary. It was of no avail, because the King declared war not only upon the alleged disruptive federalists, but also upon those Serbs who were successfully stemming that disruption. Like M. Pachich, he did not mind the price which he paid for keeping "this and such a State."

The price he so lightheartedly paid was a reactionary revolution; he rode rough-shod over the Constitution and trampled the very principles of popular government under foot. In doing that he at any rate revealed what is the real issue in the present struggle. It is not a struggle between supposed "Bolshevists" and "Capitalists"—they are working together. Nor is it a struggle between the Serbian people and the federalists—they were coming to terms. It is a struggle on the one hand between the old conception and forces of semi-autocratic rule which have prevailed in the Balkans and on the other hand the new popular forces which are clamoring throughout southeastern Europe for true parliamentary government.*

In this there can be no compromise; the issue must be fought out to the bitter end. By delaying the inevitable and by complicating the issue falsely, the old politicians are only increasing the strain on the as yet unsolidified structure of the State. Times are critical for Jugoslavia. Once started where will violence stop? The partisan intervention of the King has already caused republicanism to spread. Hitherto the Croat Peasant party alone was avowedly republican. Last November the "Croat Union," an essentially middle-class party in which intellectuals abound, also adopted the republican faith. How significant to find among the signatories of that decision Dr. Ante Trumpich, one of the framers of the Pact of Corfu! Thus after six years of misrule the symbolic bond of Jugoslav union is visibly snapping. What next? How will the elections be carried through? Will the Serbs allow M. Pachich fatally to poison the bonds of sentiment, still so strong, and to make Belgrade a name abhorred by the other southern Slavs?

D. MITRANY.

This Crowded Life

How sordid is this crowded life, its spite
And envy, the unkindness brought to light!
It makes me think of those great modest hearts
That spend their quiet lives in lonely parts,
In deserts, hills or woods; and pass away
Judged by a few, or none, from day to day.
And O that I were free enough to dwell
In their great spaces for a while; until
The dream-like life of such a solitude
Has forced my tongue to cry "Hallo!" aloud—
To make an echo from the silence give
My voice back with the knowledge that I live.

W. H. DAVIES.

* Foreign opinion will not be able to help if it is misled by comments of the unfortunate kind published in the December issue of Foreign Affairs. The writer of an article on The New Balkans distorts the earnest character of the Croat movement by repeating the propagandist libel that Radich gained support by promising "a peasant republic free from taxes and military service." Has the writer any proof for his assertion? I should be glad to see it. I have come across nothing of the kind in the printed programs of the party, nor have I met a single Croatian peasant who nursed such an illusion. On the other hand, though he claims to have been there last autumn, the writer of that article has utterly failed to grasp what is at stake in Jugoslavia. That does not surprise me, seeing that he seriously misrepresents the crucial fact in the whole affair. He volunteers the amazing statement that "Radich thereupon withdrew his support from the government (of M. Davidovich) and the Cabinet fell on October 15"; that is, that the fall of the Coalition was due to nothing else than disagreement among its members. This although M. Davidovich boldly stated in his short published letter to the King that "As your Majesty has expressed to me that it is necessary for me to resign . . . "; and although *all* the leaders of the Opposition at once published a joint manifesto bitterly protesting against the reactionary act of the King. If he was there, the writer of the article must have seen these statements, and if he has seen them, how could he write as he did?

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Dr. Manning's Pious Anachronism

FOR thirty-odd years the Episcopal cathedral of St. John the Divine, in various stages of incompletion, has adorned a corner of Morningside Heights in the city of New York. In the past decade work has been virtually at a standstill and the cathedral has remained with its hinder parts completed, the crossing enclosed by curtain walls of yellow plaster and roofed with a tar-paper dome, and the rest of the structure still in the blueprint stage. Now Bishop Manning, being well established in his see, has undertaken a campaign to finish the work at the cost of some fifteen million dollars, and instead of trusting to the Christian stewardship of the faithful he is going out after Jews and Catholics and Baptists, Parthians and Medes and Elamites. He is trying, and it seems successfully, to make the building of the cathedral a sort of community crusade in which all New York will participate.

This, of course, is quite in the tradition of the great age of cathedral building. In the twelfth century the whole community collaborated in building the cathedral and mortgaged its material future in order to lay up treasure in heaven. And if the twelfth century, sunk in mediæval darkness, knew not the teams and captains and pep luncheons and the rest of the paraphernalia of the modern "drive," there is no reason to doubt that it often stimulated piety with coercion as was done in Liberty Loan campaigns. Dr. Manning persuades his contributors instead of compelling them; but in all other respects he is making the cathedral drive a community crusade and wins the applause of all right-thinking men thereby.

In this applause I join not only in my general character of right-thinking man but in the somewhat narrower category of resident of Morningside Drive, a street whose skyline will be measurably improved by the completion of the cathedral. And yet I wonder. For this is a Gothic cathedral, also in the best twelfth-century manner. Now the twelfth-century community spent all its substance in the building of a Gothic cathedral because a Gothic cathedral expressed the highest aspirations of the whole community. There was little indifference and no dissent. A Gothic cathedral, to the people who first built Gothic cathedrals, meant precisely what the Parthenon meant to the Athenians, or the football stadium to the alumni and students of a modern university.

Obviously no religious edifice can mean that to contemporary New York, whose Christian population is split into countless divisions while a third of the whole population is not even nominally Christian at all. This great community movement, therefore, if it is not merely a response to organized nagging such as characterizes so many drives for worthy purposes, must logically be inspired by one of two motives: (a) a desire to embellish local architecture with an historically accurate specimen of a spiritually defunct type, which hardly seems a sufficient cause for the observed effect; or (b) a conviction that this cathedral may somehow express some common sentiment or aspiration of the city, apart from or above its nominal religious divisions.

If the latter is the case (as it presumably is) then we are building the wrong kind of cathedral. To build a Gothic cathedral in the twentieth century is to confess frankly that the Church has had nothing new to say in the past seven hundred years. Gothic architecture was not an accident; it assumed its forms because those forms meant something to the people of the time. To most of us they mean nothing at all except illustrations of cultural history.

If New York must borrow its architectural forms from the past, the twelfth century is certainly not the mine from which to dig them. The genius of New York is Roman in so far as it resembles that of any period of antiquity and our imitative architecture is most successful when it imitates Rome, as in the Columbia library or the Pennsylvania station. But fortunately we have passed beyond that. And if the architect is a creative artist, not merely a virtuoso who plays other men's compositions over and over, he will create buildings that mean something to the people of his own time. Our architects are doing that, in every field except ecclesiastical building.

The bare styleless ugliness of the house of worship used by the typical Catholic city parish or the typical Protestant country church means more than the correct historic background provided for St. Thomas's or St. Bartholomew's or similar wealthy urban congregations. It means at least that the people who built it wanted to go to church so badly that they put up whatever building they could afford at the moment rather than do without a house of worship altogether. But these churches, or most of them, were built a good many years ago. When a congregation of whatever sect becomes prosperous, able to command the highest talent and to express its inner aspirations in the outward form of its spiritual home, it seems (with some few exceptions) to have nothing to express. I do not know whether this is the fault of the Church or of ecclesiastical architects; I do not say that this typical development of the Church Visible is an apologue of the history of the Church Spiritual. But if I were a bishop the phenomenon would worry me a little.

I am not a bishop and hence unable to think episcopally, but I should have more confidence in the spiritual significance of the cathedral of St. John the Divine if it resembled the Shelton Hotel or the Fisk building rather than the twelfth-century churches

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of the Ile-de-France. It would not, of course, resemble the Shelton Hotel or the Fisk building too closely, for they were not designed for sacred purposes. But they were designed for purposes, like the cathedrals of the twelfth century, and like them they took the form most appropriate to purposes which meant something to their age. Has our age no sacred purposes? If so, it hardly becomes the Church to proclaim that fact from a hilltop.

Gothic, it may be, symbolizes aspiration better than any other architectural style. Mr. Cass Gilbert infused some elements of Gothic into the design of a building which he or its owner called the Cathedral of Commerce. There are certainly people who make a religion of business, in the higher as well as the lower sense, and any number of poorly paid underlings can testify that a glimpse of the Woolworth Tower above the steam-plumed ramparts of lower Manhattan has often sent them into the office with somewhat more heart for the day's work. But is contemporary Christianity Gothic? Perhaps; but the Church might properly be asked to be more explicit on this uncertain point.

Whether the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the Great Age of the Church is a matter of opinion, or rather of temperamental bias. To some minds the primitive apostolic period may seem greater, but it offers no model to the Church of our age, architecturally or spiritually. A good deal of Christianity of the primitive type is practiced in New York, but mainly by Jews; to some extent, even, by atheists and irreligious libertines. Primitive Christianity was the religion of a people set off from the world; it survived persecution but it couldn't stand prosperity. It got what it wanted, whereupon it ceased to be, if not Christianity, at any rate primitive Christianity. What contemporary America needs from the Church is a formula for surviving prosperity.

Can the twelfth century give us that? Is the twentieth-century Church frankly the twelfth-century Church, with the same ideals, to be expressed by the same formula of arch and spire? The twelfth century did not get what it wanted, perhaps because it wanted too much. It made a gallant gesture, and it is highly important to know whether the Church considers that gesture final. The Roman Catholic Church has said that it does. The Catholic-Protestant Episcopal Church affirms that judgment every time it builds a Gothic cathedral.

But New York, as I have observed, is spiritually more remote from the Gothic period than from any other age of human development. No symptoms of twelfth-century unanimity can be perceived in our society, by the unconsecrated eye. Hence one begins to wonder what a Gothic cathedral can mean to the thousands of people outside the fold who will help pay for it. I am aware that it is hoped that the cathedral of St. John the Divine, like that other Gothic church on a hill which is being built outside of Washington, may serve as a sort of religious filling station for the entire community. Certainly if any single denomination can do that it is the one which manages to get over the great historic division of Christianity by being both Catholic and Protestant at the same time. Unfortunately most Christians, in New York and elsewhere, belong to denominations which take Catholicism or Protestantism more exclusively, if not more seriously.

There remain great numbers of persons who are not at present interested in Catholicism or Protestantism, or in organized religion of any kind. As a fisher of men and shepherd of souls it is Bishop Manning's business to reach out for them. More power to him, provided he tells them exactly what he has to offer; provided he makes it clear, as it is not clear at present, whether he believes in the twelfth-century Christianity which is expressed by his cathedral. If this building is to serve a general need it must express something which the people of this age generally feel; and unless we have the twelfth-century habit of mind, as few of us have, twelfth-century architecture has no more relevance to our needs than twelfth-century plumbing.

Possibly the Church does not mean to turn us back to the twelfth century. Dr. Manning is a Fundamentalist, but he has shown no sign of sharing the sentimental fervor for a return to mediævalism which notoriously afflicted one of the architects of this cathedral. Also he had the misfortune to inherit a Gothic cathedral half finished, along with the other problems of his diocese; and cathedrals cannot be rewritten during rehearsal, at least to any considerable extent. Gothic it began, Gothic it must be finished, if finished at all.

Is it necessary to finish it at all? The present incompleted structure has a dignity of its own, and I believe it is large enough to accommodate the congregations which ordinarily are moved to assemble therein. Left unfinished, it might symbolize the magnificent twelfth-century gesture—magnificent but incomplete—and to us of interest and edification merely as an episode in ecclesiastical history. Some money has been raised for its completion, but other uses could be found for that; it has been remarked on an authority which still counts for something in the Church, if not for so much as might be wished, that the poor are always with us. The unfinished building, topped by Gabriel and his horn, might remain as a salutary reminder that the Church can attain symmetrical completeness only in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

That was not the view of the twelfth century, of course, and it may be that these observations are the irrelevant comments of an essentially Protestant mind. But Protestants are being asked to contribute to a building whose outward form means no more to them than that of the temple of Karnak; and surely a Protestant mind may be permitted to speculate on the intentions of a body which calls itself the Protestant Episcopal Church.

ELMER DAVIS.

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The Big Shakeup

THE Hot Stove League was toasting its shins and airing its views in Elmer Durkin's place. Dr. Horner was there with his paper box of little cigars and young Dink Hubbell whose radio was out of order. Presently there came Chester A. Donner, Woppington's reliable druggist.

"Is it as late as all that?" asked the old doctor, who held that Donner never closed his store as long as there was a quarter left on Main street.

The windows of the news shop were white with frost, Elmer's sign outside complained of the bitter wind and now and again came the sound of loose tire chains slapping against fenders out in the icy street. Clearly it was no time to consider going home.

"What do you make of this shakeup in the Cabinet?" asked the druggist when more profitable themes were exhausted. "I see Hughes has flew his coop. I wonder what's back of that."

"Politics," declared Dr. Horner, for whom that word covered a multitude of Republican sins.

Elmer put a shovelful of coal on the fire.

"I've read a couple of acres of dope about that Hughes business."

"You have delivered yourself into his hands, Chet," said the doctor.

"Not that I'm wised up enough to keep anybody from hitting the hay," the newsdealer went on. "Those bozos that run around in well-informed circles have been pulling a guessing contest, but the answers don't jibe. One hunch is that Coolidge has got ritzy over that little affair last November and decided to roll his own from now on. They went to the mat about Russia or gun elevation or foreign debts or something and bang went another best mind! Others say no, it's a case of too much Borah. Hughes is a guy that likes to have his own way. He thinks the Senate is the name of a contagious disease and what license have those birds got to tell him where he gets off? Borah is the big smoke on foreign affairs now and he and Hughes have never cuddled up much. When they meet up, it's the coldest day the weather bureau has pulled since 1888.

"Some claim Hughes is feeding up a presidential bee for 1928; others say that's the bunk but he's down to his last jit and has to get busy and earn some jack. I don't know. My own hunch is he's tired of sitting in the Cabinet and looking at Coolidge and Weeks and that killjoy, Mellon. They're not such an eyefull of scenery, at that; nothing to make Ziegfeld leave home."

"A great loss to the Cabinet," said Dr. Horner.

"Yep, even the Democrats say it with flowers. Charley and I have never been clubby at all, but when the Prexy shuffles the deck and Hughes comes out and Warren goes in I can't see the percentage. It listens to me as if Coolidge lived in Boston just long enough to learn to snag a cellar championship.

"There's something 'phony about Cabinet-making, if you get me. Now I'm a wow at swapping off misinformation for real money and I can gather in a dime for a cigar that's worth four cents of any man's jack, but if I tried to play the harp I wouldn't get anything but the razz. Dink here don't yelp for Doc Horner when his radio gets the epizootic and Doc wouldn't blow into Chet's drug store to get a new wishbone put on his flivver. Every man to his trade is how we dope it out but that stuff is off when it comes to making Cabinets. If you live in a doubtful state and deliver the goods you're a natural-born Postmaster-General and if you can warble Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep you're all set to be Secretary of the Navy.

"Look what happened. Stone is Attorney-General, and all the ink-slingers say he was making good for fair. Maybe he didn't play politics by ear; maybe his fine legal mind was a nuisance around the office; I don't know. Anyhow Stone is shipped off to the Supreme Court to gather moss and Warren is picked out of the bushes to take his place.

"This Warren was Ambassador to Japan and whatchacallit to Mexico and from what I hear, he was not so hot. He was a lawyer once for a few minutes, but mostly he's a business man with plenty of kale. 'That only goes to show,' says C. C., 'that he would be a bear at pinching bootleggers. Besides that was a fine platform he made about me out in Cleveland.'

"Far be it from me to be fussy after living through Palmer and Daugherty, but if Warren's an Attorney-General, I'm the Queen of Sheba.

"Then you take Kellogg—and get your face ready for another good one. When he was a Senator—before Minnesota gave him the air—he belonged to Lodge's wrecking crew—anyhow on the second Tuesdays and the fifth Thursdays. 'Nervous Nellie' was the monacker the wisecrackers pinned on him, and all anybody could see was a couple of big cold feet. Kellogg didn't believe in Europe at all; he thought the Atlantic Ocean was as far as it went. They sent him to London to find out if there was any and now they yank him back to be Secretary of State. Can you tie that?"

"It's all right with me," said Dink Hubbell, "I'm going to beat it for home."

"Sure, everybody's happy," said Elmer. "Michigan is glad to get Warren out of its system, Minnesota doesn't care where Kellogg lives as long as it's not Minnesota, Stone slips into the Supreme Court which is every lawyer's pipe dream and Hughes lands in private life, where the Borahs cease from boring and the weary are at rest Nobody suffers but the government."

FELIX RAY.

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Washington Notes

I HAVE been greatly interested in the wide variety of motives ascribed to Mr. Hughes since his resignation. They have ranged all the way from supposed reluctance to battle with the brilliant but brutal Borah to a desire to run for the Presidency in 1928. Of course, the suggestion that he has reached the limit of his financial resources and needs to make money, bogs down in face of his last year's tax return, indicating an income of more than $50,000.

It is a fact that Mrs. Hughes, the daughter of a leader of the New York bar, was far from a penniless bride, and it is further true that, fairly well fixed before, Mr. Hughes did make some whopping big fees during the four years that followed that fateful night he went to sleep hugging the Presidency to his bosom and awoke in the morning to find it had been snatched away.

No man ever had tougher luck. I often think of Mr. Hughes that awful morning afterwards. I have been told he smilingly retired on election night, at midnight, after the New York papers, including the Democratic World, had conceded his election. Mrs. Hughes, before he left the room, walked over and kissed him, saying, "I salute the President of the United States." He went to bed dreaming of his Cabinet, with his head full of plans and his heart full of triumph. In all our political history no man ever had a worse shock in the morning. It must have bewildered him. It is to his credit that no whine or whimper ever came from his lips. So far as outward appearance was concerned, not even his closest friends could have guessed, had they not known, what a stunning blow he had received. However one may disagree with him, there is no discounting this man's strength—moral and mental.

That is why I doubt whether, in all the furious speculation that has followed his resignation, the real reason has been touched at all—whether, down at bottom, and in spite of his polite protestations of esteem, the real reason is not an intolerable irritation at serving longer as a subordinate under men so glaringly and concededly inferior in intellect and force to himself. He has had six years of exactly that. He does not have to do it. There are no adequate compensations. Why keep it up?

My own conviction is that, while other things may have entered into his decision—probably did—this idea was the basic one. He had reached the limit of his patience.

Some time ago, in this place, I referred to the fact that the unfortunate Slemp was by no means as deep in the confidence of the President as a man occupying his necessarily personal and confidential position has a right to expect, and forecast his retirement. He is to go on March 4. If he had been a sensitive man he would have left long ago. The manner and method of the Warren-Kellogg White House announcement was a perfect illustration of the Coolidge-Slemp relationship. It seems the Warren appointment was given to the press late in the afternoon by Mr. Slemp, who then assured the correspondents there would be nothing more from the White House in the way of news that day. An hour and a half later, he received the notice of the Hughes resignation and the Kellogg selection, not from the President, but from a third person most obviously closer to the President than he. Slemp was then obliged to recall the correspondents and humiliatingly display the fact that he was being used as a messenger, rather than as a Secretary. There will, of course, when his formal resignation comes, be an exchange of the usual letters expressing "mutual esteem" and "deep regrets."

Leave the Washington correspondents alone in their search for an explanation of the naming of two such "second string, selling platers" as Kellogg and Warren to the Cabinet, and they will paint for the public a nice new picture of the President. The favorite view is that he has suddenly revealed himself as a new Coolidge, determined to swing the wagon-whip, dominate his Cabinet, initiate his own policies, and surround himself with men who will take orders and not expect to give them. In the strain for a story, the newspaper men transform a petulant pat into a determined putting down of the presidential foot; translate peevishness into pugnacity. The selection, without consultation, of such men as Kellogg and Warren, can only, they appear to think, be accounted for on the ground that the President is determined to run things himself with a strong hand; that what he wants in his Cabinet are intimate instruments, not intellectual independents.

What the professional observers wholly overlook is the natural and instinctive liking of the man for conservative mediocrity. Unquestionably, that is his inherent bent.

It seems to me very easy to account for both Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Warren, if you do not attempt to magnify the situation and read into it a lot of things that are simply not there. Both these gentlemen are of the most conservative, stand-pat brand of Republicanism. Both of them are strong partisans. Both of them have trained, despite Mr. Kellogg's brief trust-busting record, with the big business interests of whom Mr. Coolidge thinks so highly. Politically, they are congenial to him, because they think alike about politics. Personally, they are congenial because they are not too smart. To Mr. Warren he felt rather grateful because of his work at the Cleveland convention. Mr. Kellogg he knew and liked when he was in the Senate. It is further said that Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Kellogg are very good friends.

What more is needed to explain the appointments? Why build up a new Coolidge, with fire in his eye and Wilsonian or Rooseveltian ideas in his head, to account for them?

Back of the offer of the Agricultural Secretaryship to Mr. Hoover is a story that has not come out. It is the kind of story the newspapers seem not to get, or to print, in this administration. Briefly, Mr. Coolidge was frightened into making the offer to Mr. Hoover. That gentleman was so disturbed about the Kellogg appointment, the Hughes resignation and, particularly, the continued sniping at him by a little clique in the Agricultural Department, that he was on the point of resigning in disgust, and letting it be known why he was disgusted.

Mr. Coolidge got word of this and, in more or less of a panic, first offered the job to Hoover, and then pledged himself not to name anyone not approved by him. Somewhat pacified, Mr. Hoover agreed to stay on, but he is not happy, and those best posted believe it will not be long before he quits. If, they say, it is not worth while for Hughes, what is there in it for Hoover?

T. R. B.

Washington.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Capital Punishment

SIR: Your critic, M. D. F., on page 205 of your issue of January 14, says, with a peremptoriness rebuked in a popular dictum of Josh Billings:

"No attempt has thus far been made to find out whether capital punishment, from the point of view of a deterrent, really works."

To quote the above-mentioned sage and his dictum: "What's the use of knowing so many things that ain't so?" If there be any matter of public concern that has been looked into, and sifted, and settled beyond chance of rational controversy, over and over again, it is this very question of the efficacy—or rather, as numerous inquiries prove, the utter inefficacy of the death-penalty as a deterrent. Every national literature of modern civilization contains some classical treatise affording abundant proof. Perhaps the best of the many British pamphlets proving the thesis is Wakefield's Facts Relating to the Punishment of Death. It appeared in the forties of the nineteenth century and contains infinitely more detailed and more convincing proof of the worthlessness of the death-penalty as a deterrent than any of the facts adduced by the Warden of Sing Sing and quoted by your critic.

JAMES FUCHS.

New York, N. Y.

Battling by Proxy in China

SIR: In the New Republic for September 17, a copy of which has just reached Shanghai, I find on page 57 an editorial referring to the illegal shipment of arms into China. You state in effect that the Washington Conference agreement to place an arms embargo on China has been violated. If you will refer to the proceedings of the Washington Conference published by the United States government printing office you will find that the powers represented at the Washington Conference absolutely failed to come to an agreement on this subject—first due to opposition on the part of the Italian delegates who based their objection on the grounds that they had certain unfilled contracts for the sale of arms to the Chinese government which they had not yet completed. When it was established that the Italians would not come in the Japanese also raised objections, and if you will read the proceedings closely you will also find that obstacles were placed in the way of an agreement by other continental European countries.

The first definite move that was ever made out here to place an embargo upon shipment of arms into China was during 1918 when the members of the diplomatic body in Peking led by the American and British ministers attempted to obtain a unanimous agreement on the part of ministers representing the allied powers to stop arms shipment into China. At that time definite action was also blocked by the Italians who insisted upon qualifying their agreement to the extent of "unfilled contracts." This was in 1918 and it is interesting to note that in 1921 at the Washington Conference the Italians still held out against an embargo on the same grounds.

It is generally known out here that the reason for this objection on the part of the Italians was a shipment of arms amounting to between three and five million dollars which they had stored in their concession in Tientsin and for the last five years have been dickering with both sides of the Chinese political squabble for the sale of these arms. Finally last spring the deal was concluded with the Chihli faction or the present Peking government and the arms were actually handed over in the presence of representatives of the Italian marines and consular officials in Tientsin. This matter can be verified by referring to the newspapers from Peking and Tientsin about that time.

Another element in the arms situation which Secretary Hughes and Mr. Balfour overlooked at the Washington Conference was the fact that neither Germany nor Soviet Russia was represented at the Washington Conference and hence neither nation was bound either morally or legally by any action taken there or by any earlier action of the diplomatic body in Peking. In view of this latter factor the Germans especially have been very active in selling arms to the so-called independent provinces which have been in opposition to the Peking government. The writer made one or two trips to the front in recent fighting on the Chekiang side and practically all of the munitions being used on this side of the fight were of German manufacture.

It is also interesting to know that in the recent Chinese fighting we have seen the first use of airplanes, and practically all of them are of French manufacture. They were, of course, imported into China for "peaceful purposes" and the French government stated as much to a protest lodged several months ago by the American government, but it is known that the war had not been on a week before these planes were flying over the lines dropping bombs, and practically every one of them was operated by a Russian "White" aviator.

It looks very much as though, in spite of all that was done at the Washington Conference, the old game of Europe fighting out its battles here by proxy through the various Chinese factions is on again and unless the United States government either alone or in coöperation with Great Britain finally decides to take the lead in controlling the situation out here it looks as though the whole thing will go back to the status of earlier days when foreign intrigue in China had a free hand.

J. B. POWELL.

Shanghai, China.

A New Philosophy of Assimilation

SIR: The work for foreign born people which for the past five years has been conducted at the Twenty-third Street Branch of the New York City Y. M. C. A., has reached a point where a separate organization must be formed. Our work has been experimental and has been largely concerned with Armenians, Greeks and Russians. We seek the help of any one interested in problems of assimilation.

We have been working on a new philosophy and new method based on the psychological and social values of the group. We have taken advantage of the desire of the foreign born to work together in becoming Americans and to contribute something of their own culture to those with whom they associate as Americans. These groups have been aided in working for themselves and others in gaining experience in their life as Americans.

The effectiveness of our method has been proved by the fact that 50 percent of our expense, or $30,000, has been paid by the foreign born themselves, and that we have an increasing call on us for larger service. An Armenian, a Greek and a Russian have been employed, working along the usual lines of employment, English lessons, immigration counsel, protection from exploitation, vocational guidance, compensation adjustments, citizenship instruction and other problems of the foreign born; all under the leadership of committees of their own nationals and experienced American guidance.

We are forced to take new quarters where we can meet this growing demand for service. This move and the increased call for guidance necessitates greater financial help. Gifts at this time from those interested in assimilation will be a very real help and yeld large returns in the creation of the America which is to be.

THOMAS L. COTTON.

New York, N. Y.

Pay as You Fight

SIR: The furore created by the respective jingoists of France, Britain and the United States over the interallied debts gives us a strategic opportunity to strike a telling blow at war.

We believe that a joint resolution might be made by the Congress to notify the nations of the world of our firm opposition to war and of our intention to stand for the outlawry of war and, furthermore, that it is our fixed policy hereafter to allow loans to the other nations *only* on the condition that they officially outlaw war, and that they make a treaty with the United States agreeing specifically and irrevocably upon the complete outlawry of war, with no exception whatsoever.

Perhaps, also, the coöperation of the American international bankers could be invited to this end.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD,
CHARLES FLEISCHER.

New York, N. Y.

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Processional

IN producing John Howard Lawson's Processional at the Garrick, the Theatre Guild has returned to experiment. The experiment smells of the laboratory and does not on the whole come off, but it is worth thinking about. Mr. Lawson's idea, of which his play is not a very good translation, is something like this: Life, particularly American life, will not surrender to an attack by the theatre upon one flank; it will not give up its secrets when interpreted by one theatrical method alone. All the methods, realism, expressionism, burlesque, vaudeville, melodrama, must combine in the siege. The American tune, which is always a jazz tune, cannot be played on any one instrument, but requires an orchestra of methods. Processional is Mr. Lawson's attempt at such a symphony, and if the result sounds more like a German street-band, or some such attempt at concert by units individually imperfect, the attempt at any rate is interesting.

This "Jazz symphony of American life" revolves upon a coal-strike in a small West Virginia town. The hero, Dynamite Jim, goes to jail, escapes, kills a soldier, hides in his mother's cellar, is pursued through the coal mines, seduces the daughter of a Jewish shop-keeper, gets caught, strung up and blinded by the Ku Klux Klan, is cut down, comes to life and marries the girl in the end. But this bald narrative, worthy of the movies, somehow bears no resemblance to the actual performance, which is split up into scenes and fragments of bewildering variety that rush from simple dramatic beauty to contorted irrelevance, in a patchwork of every known theatrical method, and some others besides. At some moments Processional is sheer melodrama, or comedy, or burlesque, at others it is a caricature or a suggestion of any one of these, and often it is the nightmare of a theatrical anthology. Upon his distracting, flickering screen are thrown, in addition to the jumble, odds and ends of all sorts of things, social comment, economic sarcasms, half-remembered headlines, personal asides, shadows of private irritations. The notebook of an outsider viewing America dumped into a play and then sorted out, scene by scene. The result, snarled and miscellaneous as the wrong side of a rug, parades the labor that went into its making but also hints at beauties not for us to see.

Striking miners parade with a jazz band on the Fourth of July (comico-realistic expressionism). A Jewish storekeeper scolds his daughter (vaudeville type). The sheriff, with badge and Stetson, struts out upon the stage (burlesque melodrama). Two soldiers are looking for culprits, one is fat, the other thin, one is iron-jawed, the other weary (social-comment puppet realism). They and the sheriff knock down a Polish miner-agitator every time he makes a subversive remark (social-comment expressionism). At the mention of "mother" all four take off their hats and stand solemnly in a row (American-comment burlesque expressionism). A Civil War veteran on crutches wanders about with the pathetic accent of old age and the quaint speech of 1864 (No tag for this. A remarkable piece of acting, and a very touching, if irrelevant, picture. Call it realism plus Mr. William Hays). The mother hides Dynamite Jim in her cellar while the sheriff searches (good old melodrama). A capitalist in black coat and silk hat wanders aimlessly in and out dropping phrases about Law and Order (social-comment expressionism, with a dash of burlesque). A gaudily dressed Negro sings outside Jim's prison window (minstrel). An old grandmother goes mumbling about, bent and shaky (spirit of eld).

And so on. In addition to the alternation of methods, the caricature of methods, the mingling of methods, in addition to more nameless asides, backwaters, and interjections, in addition to the blasts of jazz suddenly reminding us that this is an interpretation of America, we have the actors, who further complicate this symphony with their own individual ways of playing its instruments. Because Miss June Walker is so frank and warm an actress she cannot all at once become a puppet and dangle on strings now vaudevillian, now expressionistic. Because Mr. George Abbott can rise to heights of considerable emotional dignity and sincerity, he remains for us a person, and does not always fit into the Chinese puzzle of Processional. If much of the acting is faithfully wooden or puzzling, it is thanks chiefly to the acting that the play has some real flashes of beauty, some memorable moments of solidity and meaning.

If Processional were a stunt pure and simple, one would be sorry that it did not come off. But since it seems to have been animated by a "purpose," tortured by a theory and cursed by excess of seriousness, one cannot help being a little sorry it was tried at all, one cannot help having a little the feeling about its author that one would for a man who believed that a good way to write a novel was to have all its characters speak in different sizes of type. Ingenious, tricky—it has never been done before—but after all futile. The simplest machinery is nearly always the best, and from the simplest harnessing of the truth about life will come the most horse-power. There is something in Processional that reminds one of the laborious stupidity of the inventors of perpetual-motion machines.

I have heard Processional called one of the most thoroughly American plays ever. What, for one thing, is an "American" play? It would be possible to name several which were very different one from another and yet which shared the one characteristic of being "American." A stamp, an accent, an indefinable flavor which tells us that they could not possibly have been written anywhere but in America, and an assurance, always implicit, that the point of view they present comes from the inside. Processional may seem American in many ways, it takes us off fairly accurately in spots, it is on to our bunk, it shows some familiarity with our idioms, spiritual or linguistic, but it is distinctly a view from the outside, and what is more, a view that proclaims and shouts and never forgets that it is a View.

Mr. Lawson's symphonic miscellany adds one more to the many plays of the last few years which testify to the curiosity and uneasiness of Americans about themselves, and to the eagerness with which our playwrights are turning this way and that in the attempt, often only half-conscious, to write plays about America and American people as distinct from plays of plot and situation about no people in particular. The material is fascinating but refractory; nobody knows what method, if any, is the best highway to that material, and every method is being tried. Mr. Lawson has tried all of them at once, but is no nearer than we were before. Someone much abler than he, less concerned with the tricks and machinery of method, and much more on the inside may take a hint from the orchestration of Processional, may succeed where he fumblingly tried. But probably the secret of the American Play, when it comes, will be its simplicity.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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"Don't Poosh Me, Myer"

Weber and Fields: Their Triumphs, Tribulations and Their Associates, by Felix Isman. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

NO age in all history is so remote and obscure as the one that lies about us in our infancy—or even in our youth. The immediate past is irrevocably gone. We cannot untangle it from the present and set it up alone. What if we remember that the Flatiron Building dominated New York in 1904, and that Roosevelt was elected President, and that Japan thrashed Russia? These facts have no magic to wipe away the Woolworth Tower and screen T. R. from our knowledge of his successors. On facts we slide helplessly into the present. But give us a bar of the Merry Widow, or a photo of airy-fairy Lillian in her ruffles and her rat, or a foolish line from Mike and Myer—

> Hooray! I vin four balls! Dot's a scratch like you told me. . . .
> Dot's no scratch. Dot's an itch. . . .

—give us these cues, and we stick fast in 1904. These are the things that were dear to the heart and merry to the mind in those vanished years that mirrored their surface and were most native to them, since they lived and died there. That is why this book, crammed with the quips and characters and melodies of forty years, is history.

One day in 1878, when the Bowery *was* the Bowery, and the things they did and the things they said had none of the romance now ascribed to them, two "actors" who had spent a weary time tramping the pavements below Fourteenth street persuaded the owner of a dime museum to engage their talent. They were to do a knockabout act nine times a day for three dollars a week. This was the professional début of Joe Weber and Lew Fields, nine years old. Their act consisted of the tumbling and handspringing they had learned between sessions at school, between crap shooting and gang fights in the barnlofts of the Bowery and in this Bowery they fulfilled to the letter Mr. Cabell's play theory of art. Their art, though it often became a very grim kind of play, never lost its grinning spontaneity, the ready, abundant, horsey humor of idle spirits.

One night a new Dutch knockabout act failed at the Globe where the two young actors were employed. Lew and Joe rushed to the manager with a "we can do better than that" before the curtain was half way down, and their bluff was called for the next day. They had no Dutch act, but "'yes' took no more breath than 'no' and had a lot more possibilities." They devised a Dutch act overnight, and the audience laughed. From this emergency grew the Weber and Fields of tradition—"Don't poosh me, Myer."

> Myer: I also vish to express—charges collect—my uppermost depreciation of der dishonor you half informed upon me.
> Mike: Der insuldt is all mein—

Mangling of English in a German meat-chopper, puns and gags and rigamaroles to the tune of cracked heads and flip-flops—a primitive form of art no doubt. But it expressed naturally the uproarious quick-witted humor of bar-room and music hall, the humor of back-slapping, drink-standing, practical-joking America, and this healthy quality it carried into its ultimate achievement, burlesque, the mother of musical comedy.

Off-stage and on-stage, life was much of a piece to the two youngsters whose wider experience began when they went on tour "out west" to Paterson at the age of ten. They were used to cracks over the head and high tumbling, and if fortune caught them when their wigs weren't padded they got up blinking and went on with the show. Riding half fare on the railroads until they were fifteen and buying diamonds when they were broke to keep their company's spirits up were the acts that demanded most serious art, and the shenanigans of dressing room and boarding house were often funnier than their more professional humor. By the time they were twenty they knew half the theatres from Hoboken to the 'Frisco tenderloin and many of the circus grounds; they had performed in B. F. Keith's dime museum in Boston, and been hauled out of bed at midnight in Cincinnati (the Young Paris) to entertain a bored police magistrate on pain of contempt of court. Being down to their last quarter was such a usual experience that financial risk seemed to them simply a tedious commonplace. From a respectful distance or a too-intimate proximity, they came to know all the lights of their theatrical world, the managers and specialty artists who filled the place now preëmpted by the silver screen. They were a part of all that they had met—they knew what lay behind swinging doors and diamond studs, grease paint and nickel badges. Above all they knew what lay before the foot-lights, the hearts, as Mr. Dooley would say, of their countrymen. Magna pars fuerunt.

One day in the summer of 1896 Joe and Lew performed a clog on the dark stage of the Imperial Music Hall on Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, and sang to the empty house:

> Here we are, a jolly pair,
> We own a Broadway theater!

Own was not exactly the word, for they had borrowed money to pay the first instalment of the rent, but they took a chance as usual, and when they opened with a vaudeville and burlesque in September they found they were as usual right. So began a career of eight glorious seasons. Weber and Fields had early begun to apply their slapstick comedy to phases of life familiar to their audiences, such as the famous pool-table act. Now they carried it a step further to burlesque. With the Geezer, a travesty on the newly imported Geisha, they won New York to the new form, and after that no play was a success on Broadway until it had been burlesqued at the Music Hall. Maude Adams's Little Minister, Anna Held in La Poupée, Belasco's First Born, The Conquerors, Cyrano de Bergerac, Catherine, Zaza—these and half a dozen others came in for travesty in the first two seasons. Willing victims exposed themselves in special performances for the Music Hall company—though many casts were forbidden to see the take-offs afterward lest they never be able to act seriously again. New York's drama was delivered for ridicule into competent hands: Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Frankie Bailey, De Wolfe Hopper, Peter Dailey, Sam Bernard, David Warfield, Louis Mann—never was such a galaxy hung in one theatre at once, nor so much temperament kept amicable in so confined a space. It was a triumph and a miracle, and for eight hilarious seasons New York treated it as such. First night tickets were above pearls and first night audiences creamed from the gay and the great, if not from the élite. The music hall songs—I'm a Respectable Workin' Girl, De Pullman Porters' Ball, Rosie, You Are Ma Posie—were the What'll I Do's of their respective seasons. Weber and

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Fields's enterprise, for all Lillian's thirty-eight years, had the earmarks of immortality.

But the New York of 1904 was not the same city in which the Music Hall had opened. The beginning of changes were afoot. The theatres were moving uptown to the new centre around Forty-second street, and to support a large and talented company would take a larger and better situated theatre than the old Imperial. Fields was in favor of moving, Weber of sticking to the old game in the old way. And so the partnership of twenty-eight years was broken up and the brilliant company disbanded. Despite the reconciliation of 1912, celebrated with shouts and speeches and roses and tears in a gala revival, this disagreement ended the high era of burlesque in the form it took at the Music Hall. Musical comedy was beginning to show its head. The Follies were not far off. These new forms took over from the Weber and Fields tradition everything it had gathered in its long struggle up from the dime museum and the beer-garden, and became the most characteristic form of dramatic production in America. And so Mike and Myer, loved and understood and laughed at for forty years, must now be taken seriously. It will be the first time.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Ethical Credentials of the State

The Ethical Basis of the State, by Norman Wilde. Princeton: University Press. $2.50.

OUT of the politically perturbing Northwest comes this new examination of the ethical credentials of the state. To minds lost in the current crisscross or torn by the recent conflicts of a national election, this book comes as a return of judgment—the sober second thought modestly asserting itself after our exciting excursus into partisanship. It will strike the philosophic mind as almost a work of art: it has generous historical orientation, it has a quiet but incisive style, it preserves a uniform balance amid incompatible views, and yet it consistently liquidates some measure of practical insight from theoretical deadlocks. The book, however, while scholarly, is neither esoteric nor technical. Indeed, I know of no better constructive examination of the conflicting philosophies of the state, certainly no equally good American statement, than Professor Wilde has achieved in a remarkably brief compass.

In the historical section Professor Wilde threads his way quite heroically through the narrow passage imperilled on one side by the Scylla of monistic absolutism and on the other by the Charybdis of pluralism. And he makes the voyage safely by keeping always as his polestar the distinction between the ideal and the actual, and yet fruitfully by recognizing at the same time that this distinction itself is functional rather than static. Absolutists have been so enamoured of ideal unity as to assume its existence and then most unideally to coerce dissenters into agreement—always, of course, for the dissenters' own good. Pluralists, on the other hand—to use a time honored figure—with vision obscured by so many trees, have been inclined to deny, if not the existence of any forest, then at least its beauty and importance. Taking the best that *is* as right in principle, they have sought compensation by making two trees grow where one grew before. For note how the Guild Socialists propose to split each man up, as it were, into his various interests and use these divisions rather than the man himself as the unit of representation.

Measuring each of these tendencies by its extremest logical eventuation, the reader may well feel with the author that a choice between sheer anarchy and sheer despotism is as unpromising as the traditional choice between the devil and the deep blue sea. But is any other option available? Yes; if one does not conceive nature and the social order too statically. Clearly there is as yet no "real will" uniting the conation of each upon the good of all. If such a pattern is, in Plato's hopeful words, "laid up in heaven," then it is laid up in heaven. We grope still on earth. But equally clear is it that neither our interests, nor our personalities, nor our organizations less than the state, are bellicose atoms in a circumambient void. Love, the uniter, strives mightily at the heart of things with Hate, the divider, for supremacy in our social world, even as in the simpler natural world of Empedocles. And this insistent tugging gives promise of a growing social unity—a unity that wise men will work to make compatible with personal freedom.

But the whole matter is not a puzzle, as dialectics tends constantly to make it, but a problem, as education conceives it. Theory is important here, as elsewhere, in clearing the deck for action; but the solution must be through growth, and is a matter not of all-or-none but of more-or-less. Men can achieve the unity which state monists crave preserving the freedom and individuality which political pluralists prize, insofar, and only insofar, as they can feel themselves free and happy in coöperating toward common ends. And assuredly this arduous condition is not to be absolved by the magic process of dubbing either the ideal, the actual, or the actual, the ideal. The active facing of the problem of achieving a fuller social unity involves, as the author well puts it, "a kind of mystic faith that in the yielding of our natural desires to the public will there is involved some greater gain than in their maintenance against the social opposition." The task is a social venture not unlike, and certainly not disconnected with, the personal venture of creating out of a body of relatively separated, and sometimes discordant, initial impulses, a personality.

Meanwhile, foremost among the conditions of succeeding in this creative venture stands, as the author thinks, the practical need of recognizing the hegemony of one among our many existent forms of association. Even though its origin was violent and its history disgraced by tyranny and smeared with blood, the state is the present logical claimant to superior sovereignty. It is territorial and therefore the one organization that all men belong to willy-nilly. It now concerns itself upon demand with the welfare of persons and with the rights and limits of other lesser groups. And so while "absolute and inalienable power belongs to no social body," still "the state has a presumptive claim to sovereignty possessed by no other. The realization of the ideals of all other associations would still leave them particular and limited; the fulfilment of the idea of the state would give it . . . true universality and authority."

The state, then, in spite of its cornerstone of power, has an ethical basis in that it provides the larger, but indispensable, conditions of a good life for individuals socially constituted, in that it serves the necessary function of coordinating the claims of other organizations that more basically minister to life, and even in that the coercion essential to its nature can be so used as to defeat violence and to preserve the conditions of liberty for all. Heroic restraint is urged upon the state in this matter; but as

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coercion departs from the family, the church, the school, we compensate, as well as protect, ourselves by localizing, as impersonally as possible, in the state what we are ashamed to use ourselves but as yet do not see how we can abandon. We have purged the centre of life but have polluted its periphery. Where so much has been done, however, more may be done.

Minor points of dissent in so good a book may well be omitted in favor of general appreciation and of hope for more extended favors yet to come.

T. V. SMITH.

Charles Steinmetz

Charles Proteus Steinmetz, a Biography, by J. W. Hammond. New York: The Century Company. $4.

STEINMETZ was, in the Emersonian sense, a representative man. He stood for his generation, and apart from it, as Napoleon and Cromwell for theirs. Steinmetz, for all his apparent eccentricity, summed up in himself the most typical and potent ideals and strivings of his time. The period of his greatest activity, from 1890 to the outbreak of the World War, was the period when men were most dazzled by the possibilities of mechanical progress, especially in the field of electricity. The typical American optimist saw before him a long vista of inventions which should liberate man from toil and enrich his life. No one held more firmly to this faith than Steinmetz. His whole life was devoted to its realization. Other men mixed their faith with schemes of self-seeking. They cared less for profound inquiries that might be of use to all than for practical objects that might produce inventions having a commercial value. Steinmetz was happiest when he was working at a problem likely to advance the whole technique of electrical engineering, though it might have no bearing on his own fortunes. Therefore he was regarded by his contemporaries as a somewhat uncanny phenomenon. What, after all, is more disconcerting and uncanny than a living man who is visibly an embodiment of one's own best ideals?

Steinmetz's actual contributions to the technique of electrical engineering were numerous, and of enormous value. In the popular estimation these achievements rank second to Edison's, but in recent years more and more people have been inclined to give Steinmetz himself the position of priority. Edison is a wizard, but he has been so much in the limelight that his garb of mystery has worn thin. Steinmetz moved vaguely and weirdly in the background of the General Electric. Moreover the contrasting personalities of the two men gave Edison an initial, Steinmetz an ultimate advantage in popular mythology. Edison is a good-looking, well set-up American, simply one of us, except for his surpassing mechanical ability. Steinmetz, with his deformed body and unconventional ways, might have been a German Kobold transplanted to a strange land.

The chronicle of what Steinmetz accomplished is an interesting one, in itself. Mr. Hammond sets it forth with fair competence. The story of Steinmetz's life, his childish adventures with illuminated toy houses that would catch fire, his intellectual and social experiences in the University of Breslau, his flight from Germany to escape prosecution for socialistic activities, his forlorn landing at Castle Garden and rather prompt establishment of relations with men who knew how to value him, makes entertaining reading. So also does the account of his friendships, his relations with his employers, the shifts to which he was put, as a bachelor, to maintain for himself something of the warm domestic atmosphere his soul craved.

All this is told, with abundant and pleasing detail. And yet, when one has finished Mr. Hammond's book, one feels little nearer to an understanding of Steinmetz.

This would not be strange if Steinmetz had been a brooding, laconic man, averse to personal intimacy. He was, on the contrary, an extremely sociable man, devoted to his friends and open-hearted with them. The author of the biography must have known him fairly well; he must have met and talked with many persons who had known Steinmetz intimately. The material was accessible for a real image of the man. But the image has not quite come off.

The reason appears to be that Mr. Hammond was unable to follow Steinmetz's principle of striking for the fundamentals and letting the appearances go. Mr. Hammond wished to write an edifying biography, one which should confirm the optimist in his convictions and inspire the young. Steinmetz's career is in fact edifying and inspiring. But Mr. Hammond feels it needs to be improved on, retouched. Take his mealy-mouthed apologies for Steinmetz's Socialism. "It was not the Socialism as generally understood in America today. It was an idealistic creed, rosy tinted to the mental vision . . . Notwithstanding his affiliation at the close of his life with the American Socialist party, which is frequently assailed as the expression of selfish class interests, Steinmetz was not a believer in nor an exponent of selfishness, certainly not in human relations." "To hear this mild-mannered, calmly poised man quietly enunciating his convictions . . . gave one a feeling that here spoke no prophet of an ill-designing, malignant octopus, to be dreaded by the timid and hated by the dauntless."

In justice to the author it should be said that he is not often so silly as he appears in these quotations. Yet a writer who cannot approach even the sincere political convictions of his subject without falling into a childish panic is not likely to succeed in bodying forth the living man. His proper business is the writing of obituaries, not biographies.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Black Shirt and White Hood

The Awakening of Italy, by Luigi Villari. New York: George H. Doran. $4.

BUT for other volumes dealing with the same set of facts, one might accept Signor Villari's assumption that the Fascist movement was, in truth, the awakening of Italy, and one might feel a lively sense of obligation to a writer capable of describing this awakening in entertaining fashion. His story might well thrill one with the sense of a crisis threatening the life of a nation, but met by resolute men—especially one resolute man—and resolved, to the salvation of a whole people.

Unfortunately, in all such crises and movements there are always so many confused motives and contrasting points of view and objectives that the very clarity and ease of a writer may with some reason create a suspicion as to his comprehension and freedom from bias. Fascismo is by no means simple. It is a post-war phenomenon whose root causes run far back in Italian history and branch widely in contemporary European conditions. In common with the near-revolution which prepared its way, it has unquestionably been complex and confused, a medley of good and bad

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inextricably confounded. The issues have been tense and tangled since the Armistice. It is too much to expect any Italian at this moment to write a history of that period.

Signor Villari's book is one of the best available in either English or Italian on the Fascist side of the conflict. It is partisan in point of view, but free from the abstract philosophizing of Massimo Rocca's Idee sul Fascismo, the cloudy flights of Odon Por's Fascismo, the immature hero-worship of Gorgolini's Fascismo nella Vita Italiana, the superficial and unreflecting journalism—so peculiarly American—of Kenneth Roberts in his Black Magic. But this does not mean that Villari is a safe guide. He must be accompanied by former Premier Bonomi, with his Dal Socialismo al Fascismo, by Salvatorelli, with his Nazionalfascismo, by Amendola, with his Una Battaglia Liberale, by Vinciguerra, with Il Fascismo Visto da un Solitario. Moreover, events are moving so fast that books written a few months ago must be read in the light of the Italian daily press. Incidents of today throw much light backward upon events and personalities of 1919-20.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that current events are sapping the foundations of all such discussions of Fascismo as the one under review. When the Veterans' Association and the Association of War Wounded, with their membership of more than a million, gave Mussolini a broad hint in August that their patience had its limits, it became evident that the opposition to Fascist methods voiced daily by all the respectable press of Italy was shared by a large body of the citizens. This alienation between the Fascisti and their natural allies, the former soldiers, has continued till disgraceful clashes—for which the Fascisti were wholly responsible—occurred during the celebration of Armistice day in November. It becomes increasingly clear that Italians, just like Americans, must learn sooner or later that fine phrases, no matter how antiquely Roman, do not match in satisfaction personal and social liberty and even-handed justice,

It will ultimately be apparent to all that Fascism was at no time more creative than reactionary and destructive. Punitive expeditions do not consolidate a national spirit. Neither in Mussolini nor in Fascism has there ever been the humaneness of Mazzini, the self-abnegation of Garibaldi, the supreme quality of Lincoln — magnanimity. Hatred, vengeance, punishment are wasteful and shortlived. Only comprehension, pity, affection create the life of a nation or renew it when threatened with decay.

One single assertion in Signor Villari's laudatory history of this movement places a question mark at the end of all he has said in its praise. Did the occupation of the industrial plants of north Italy in September, 1920, really mark the climax of the approach toward a revolution?—as he declares, and all opponents of Fascism agree. Was there thenceforth a tendency to return to normal conditions, even though this tendency would have required long to develop and culminate? If this is true, who will dare to assert that Italy would not be in a more peaceful state today had Mussolini never drilled his squadre? By a slow and distressing path, the Italians might well have found their way back from the hysteria and hatreds of 1919-20 due to tremendous overstrain. Had they thus recovered without the help of loaded canes, firebrands, and the degrading weapon of castor oil, they would be paying today far less ruinously for punctual trains, balanced budget, and other things of which we have heard enough. Their future would be the assured promise of a people sorely over-taxed and unstrung by the catastrophe of 1915-18 but recovered and sound in mind and heart, with a sense of national solidarity growing more assured with each new celebration of Armistice day. The daily violences of the present would long ago have ceased.

Still an American must try to be fair. The Italian Fascisti at least face their "enemies" unashamed. They leave pillow slips and night shirts at home. Even castor oil is not much more loathsome than tar and feathers.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

The Prairie Historian

The Invisible Woman, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

FOR several years Herbert Quick has been producing novels about the history of Iowa, writing with a gusto which indicates that he has obviously had a very good time in doing so. Vandemark's Folly dealt with the pioneers who came into the state shortly before the Civil War. The Hawkeye was the story of their children, in the seventies and eighties. Now in The Invisible Woman he tells of the time, three decades ago, when the Chicago Fair was setting æsthetic standards throughout the Middle West, when bicycle clubs went on weekly parades, two by two, when leg-of-mutton sleeves were worn, and in a few backyards men were tinkering the first example of that fantastic invention, the horseless carriage. Mr. Quick has completed his trilogy, it will be noted, and is still out of hailing distance of 1925. Whether he intends to add another book or two, I cannot say. For my part I should be well content to have him write on a scale like that of James Joyce, and do a book for every year of history.

In his first two stories, his protagonists were men. In The Invisible Woman he has turned to the distaff side at the moment when for the first time in history the distaff began to be an archaic symbol.

Christiana Thorkelson became a stenographer in a law office, when it was still a brave and unusual enterprise for a young woman to venture into the world of business. Against a background of railroad-controlled Iowa politics, Mr. Quick portrays for us a farm girl's increasing sophistication under the influence of small-city life, and recites the story of her successful romance with a middle-aged jurist after the latter has been mercifully relieved of the burden of an insane wife. As minor aspects we have the fight of an illegitimate son for a share in his millionaire father's estate; a sort of prairie Mississippi Bubble, centering around the sale of county rights to a patent farm gate; and the machinations of an elderly lawyer-politician who exemplifies the free-and-easy ethical code of the time and place.

Painting on so large a canvas as he has—for his three novels give an almost continuous narrative of fifty years of Iowa history—Mr. Quick necessarily achieves some massive effects quite apart from the merits of any one book. In The Invisible Woman nearly all the chief characters of Vandemark's Folly and The Hawkeye reappear, their youthful passions now subdued to the chilly wisdom of grandparents, aunts and uncles. Some of the episodes in the first book are shown as casting long shadows across the years and affecting the lives of the third generation; which lends the air of a genuine record. Added verisimilitude is given by the author's dexterous trick of introducing real

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people among his own mental offspring. Thus the late Allan Dawson, chief editorial writer of the New York Tribune, appears as the crusading, youthful editor of the Des Moines Leader. His news man, who figures in several scenes in the story, is Judson Welliver, subsequent Washington correspondent of the New York Globe, and at present occupying an important post at the White House. Senator Cummins is in the story, portrayed as an ardent young liberal—a portrait which may surprise some of Mr. Quick's readers who know the Senator only through the policies he has supported in his later years.

A trilogy is a formidable literary undertaking; and it must be said that viewed by the rigid and eternal standards of great literature, Mr. Quick's series of novels leaves a good deal to be desired. For my part, however, I am satisfied to read and enjoy his work for what it frankly is: a series of well-written, workmanlike stories set against a background of our own mid-continental history, some of the phases of which have great interest; and done by a man who combines knowledge of the facts with affection for the scene and people he portrays. I think it is possible that we may ultimately find Mr. Quick has established a new school of American historical romance; but even if he hasn't, we may still count his three books as an admirable achievement on their own account.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Heliodora

Heliodora, by H. D. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

POETS of the philosophic, psychoanalytic, sentimental or cerebral sort often get into print on the merits of their insight or ideas, their feeling or their wit, before perfecting their medium of expression. H. D., seeking to wake the soul with wind and frost rather than with the eternal why-and-wherefores of existence, to bathe it in sea-water instead of tears, to let it run and climb on rock-bound shores instead of in the gymanasium of mere cleverness, having, in short, no concern for anything but beauty (and outward pagan beauty . . . not the Christian inner kind), made flawlessness of form a self-established first prerequisite. And so unflinchingly was it met, in Sea Garden and Hymen, that her technical perfection is more or less taken for granted, while toward a possible broadening of outlook or a deepening of emotion one looks with interest.

If, hitherto, the objective nature of her subject matter left one in doubt as to whatever latent abilities she might possess for expressing human feelings, Heliodora, her new volume, offers ample material by which to judge her in this capacity too. H. D. herself, in fact, invites such a verdict. For just as her earlier volumes contained numerous prayers for the persistency of her freedom from flesh-and-blood feelings, so in this last one it is stated:

> I have brought small wreathes
> (they were a child's gift)
> I have offered myrrh leaf
> crisp lentisk
> I have laid rose petal
> and white rock-rose from the beach.
> But I give life and spirit with this.
> I give life and spirit with this.

And at first glance, so it would seem—she now gives life and spirit. Reactions to the gods and mythological figures are replaced by moods of a human relationship. One notes a dirge, and, here and there, a colloquial phrase even. There are scarcely any pure nature pieces, and the reworked fragments from Sappho begin "I know not what to do." "Is love bitter or sweet?" etc. But though to the eye, the human element is thus strikingly predominant, the heart still finds but a crumb or two to snatch at while the æsthetic sense is as lavishly fed as ever.

Since in proof of this latter point, it is hardly necessary to make quotations, the triviality of her new themes may be briefly illustrated by:

> . . . Yet to sing love,
> love must first shatter us.

or

> He and I sought together
> over the spattered table
> rhymes and flowers,
> gifts for a name.

Love, passion, companionship, etc., are presented only in their relationship to art, never in connection with our mutually shared spiritual states; and poetry thus becomes a wall shutting one away from life instead of a gate leading into it. The difference resembles the contrast between the feeling one has in a gallery where one is always aware of the marble and canvas, and that brought about by a play which one forgets is not real . . . the difference, in other words, between painting and literature. For H. D's method is that of a painter, a sculptor. Instead of using technique to express an emotion, she makes emotion a means of focussing one's attention upon the technique. The emotion itself, therefore, is generally slight, the form that sheathes it rich in nuance; the thought not profound enough to offer opportunity for compactness and the metaphors by which it is repeated again and again, faultlessly exact and precise, so that, though the thoughts and emotions leave us cold, we are compensated by a feeling of ecstatic marvel at her power of transforming language into actual clay and color. A great poet, of course, must be able to do this, but poetry is severed from the other arts which it assimilates by its own special capacity for expressing, as well as rousing, the so-called soul. As a chiseled sea-shell, or one upon a canvas, H. D.'s poetry is perfect, but as such, it also lacks those echoes of the heart's depth or the mind's that we always listen for in literature of any kind.

MARCIA NARDI.

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